February 1970

EDITORIAL REPRINT from

MERTON S. YEWDALE

The Metaphysics of Genius

SHRI-MADHAVA-ASHISH

The Secret Doctrine as a Contribution to World Thought

DONALD H. BISHOP

The Philosophical Basis of Student Activism in the 1960s: I

ROGER LANCELYN GREEN

Kenneth Grahame

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THE ARYAN PATH

VOLUME XLI - NO. 2

Point out the 'Way'
however dimly and lost among the host —
as does the Evening Star
to those who tread their path in darkness.

Editor:
SOPHIA WADIA

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PUBLISHERS: Theosophy Company (India) Private Ltd.
Theosophy Hall, 40 New Marine Lines, Bombay 20.BR

THE ARYAN PATH

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CONTRIBUTIONS

The Editor is responsible for unsigned contributions only and is not necessarily in agreement with the views of the contributors, to whom free expression of opinion is given

SUBSCRIPTIONS

THE ARYAN PATH is published every month except June and July. Subscriptions are accepted for calendar years or periods covering ten issues. Orders, accompanied by the appropriate remittance, should be sent to the Editorial and Business Office, Bombay, or the London Office

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Subscribers in India may borrow, from the "Aryan Path" section of the United Lodge of Theosophists Library, Bombay, books reviewed in THE ARYAN PATH, paying only registered book-post charges if books are required by post

RATES

	Single Copy	Annual Subscription
INDIA	Re. 1.50	Rs. 12.00
EUROPE	2*s.*	18*s.* (or equivalent)
THE AMERICAS	60 cents	$5.00 (or equivalent)

OFFICES

EDITORIAL & BUSINESS OFFICE	Theosophy Hall, 40 New Marine Lines Bombay 20 (BR)
LONDON OFFICE	62 Queen's Gardens, London w.2

Available in the U.S.A. from
Eastern News Distributors
155 West 15th Street, New York, N.Y. 10011, U.S.A.

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and
lost among the host — as does the evening star
to those who tread their path in darkness.

— *The Voice of the Silence*

VOL. XLI FEBRUARY 1970 No. 2

MERTON S. YEWDALE

The Metaphysics of Genius

[We reprint this very interesting article from THE ARYAN PATH, June 1939. The original introductory note read:

"In this article Merton S. Yewdale puts forward a few ideas on the important subjects of the birth and activity of Genius; his speculations approximate some truths of the Esoteric Philosophy but he is not correct in assuming that 'no one ever seems to have predicted the coming of a man of genius.' H. P. Blavatsky has explained the Law under which all the prominent characters in the annals of sacred or profane history incarnate cycle by cycle."

—ED.]

THROUGHOUT HISTORY there have appeared ever so often among the peoples of Earth, certain individuals who bear all the signs of having been born for a kind of work which is not only inevitable but destined. Yet while these individuals have been something of a confraternity through the ages, their lives and characters have greatly varied. Some of them have been shy of life, and so solitary that hardly anyone knew of their existence. Some have lived in little groups, working in the poverty of their surroundings, but in the wealth of their dreams. Some have lived in conventional comfort; and not only have they continued to do their destined work, but they have had the time and the energy to take part in the practical life of the world.

But however they all may have differed in the details of their personal life, they have always been of one accord in dedicating their powers to bringing into existence works of aesthetic beauty that have enriched the lives of men and women through the ages. These gifted individuals are the world's men of genius, and their works are those of the four fine arts — music, poetry, painting, and sculpture.

At first view, man lives primarily in the material world and is closely attached to it, with the feeling that the spiritual world is outside of himself and beyond him. Actually, he lives between the two worlds, and their forces flow into him from either side. The material world brings its energies so that he may develop his physical powers as well as the resources of Earth. The spiritual world brings its ethical riches so that his life on Earth may be spiritualized and he may thus be kept from falling to the level of sheer materialism. The ideal man is he in whom the spiritual and material worlds unite in a perfect equilibrium. But man in general falls short of that balance; he inclines too much to one side or the other. Thus, failing to achieve it himself or achieving it for a time and then losing it, he yearns to see it achieved in some form in which it is permanent. It is in works of art that he recognizes his ideal of the permanent equilibrium.

So far as the human mind is able to determine, the spiritual and material worlds are the only ones which came forth in the Great Beginning. Yet there is a third world — the aesthetic, which comes into existence through the man of genius as medium. It is in him that the spiritual and material worlds not only meet, but periodically issue forth united in works of art, which he alone has the power to beget, and which in turn contribute to the embodiment of the aesthetic world. Without the man of genius, there would be no aesthetic world, and consequently no works of art.

Where the man of genius differs from ordinary men is that he lives largely in the world of himself. Into him the spiritual and material worlds also flow, but as into a sanctuary where they offer their resources for his works. From the spiritual world he receives his visions of the Eternal Ideas, the intuitive understanding of the essential harmony and equilibrium of the universe, the gift of hearing with his inner ear, as in music and poetry, and of seeing with his inner eye, as in painting and sculpture. From the material world he receives the substance for his works, the cosmic energy necessary for their formation, and the technique to give them the universal form that will insure their continuance throughout time.

The purpose of the man of genius is to give aesthetic form to his visions by representing the universal in the particular. His ultimate achievement is that in his works he effects a union of the spiritual and material worlds by imposing upon the amorphous substance of the material world the order of the spiritual world.

It is the man of talent who *creates* works of art; the man of genius *gives birth* to them. The first is the conscious act of a man who elects to

construct from material outside of himself; the second is the instinctive act of a man who yields to the command of the Divine Energy to submit to the birth of substance within himself. The man of talent is like a builder who constructs a building; the man of genius is like a woman who brings a child into the world. For the word genius comes from the Latin *gigno,* meaning, "I beget."

But there is a further and profounder difference between the two kinds of men, which is revealed in their origins. The man of talent is of the male species and a member of the race which for millions of years has been divided into two sexes. But while the man of genius is also male outwardly and a member of the present race, he is inwardly male and female; that is, his ethereal or astral body is bisexual or androgynous, and thus a representation of the inner physical formation of the race of androgynes, who lived many, many millions of years before our race and who self-reproduced their own kind.

That such a race of primordial beings once lived on this Earth and that our race evolved from it is clear, not only from vestigial evidence in the race of today, but from references in the writings of Plato and Lucretius; in the Purāṇas, the *Zohar,* the Kabala, and Genesis; and principally in "The Book of Dzyan," portions of which Madame Blavatsky translated and interpreted in her chief work, *The Secret Doctrine.*

It is in the man of genius that the androgyne continues its function; but instead of reproducing himself, the man of genius brings forth works of art — first the conception of the idea, then the gestation of the substance, lastly the birth of the work itself in the form of music, poetry, painting, or sculpture.

Works of art are symbols of the great drama of the universe, when in the Beginning it first emerged as chaos and then took form, and when the mighty celestial bodies rolled into their appointed places and in silent majesty began their heavenly movement. For the primary elements which go to make up a work of art — subject-matter, form, balance, and rhythm — are from the world of the universal. The subject-matter comes from the Eternal Ideas; the form from the essential unity of the universe, in which all its parts are related in a harmonious whole; the balance from the cosmic force which maintains the heavenly bodies in their relative positions; the rhythm from the measured movement of the heavenly bodies within the universe. Only the particular characteristics of works of art indicate when and where they first appeared in Earth life. Works of art have their roots in the past, they grow in the present, and come finally to maturity in the future, where they are understood and prized. For just as art works when they appear are pri-

marily for a future generation whose emotional and intellectual consciousness is different from that of the contemporary generation, so the man of genius possesses within himself a corresponding consciousness, which is transmitted to his works. Within him also are the feminine intuition and the masculine reason, by which he feels and thinks his works before they have emerged into the world. Likewise, there are reflected in him the universal elements — subject-matter, form, balance, and rhythm — by which all works acquire their universality; for it is the man of genius who is truly the microcosm of the universe. But as soon as the art works are completed, they take on a meaning in the particular, which brings them closer to the understanding of people in general. The subject-matter becomes an idea or an object which is related to life and recognizable in it. The form becomes a symbol of man's inborn desire to bring order out of disorder. The balance corresponds to the symmetrical construction of the human body and to man's love of proportion in all things. The rhythm corresponds to the ordered movement of the days, months, and years, the seasons and the tides, as well as to the human love of measured sound and movement. Thus works of art completely satisfy, in a universal and a particular sense, our innate desire to see the Eternal Ideas presented in perfect form, balance, and rhythm, and to observe them aesthetically interpreted in compositions of universal and permanent harmony.

In past centuries, when the multitudes were largely uneducated, art was only for the cultured few. In modern times, it is for all people, not only because they are much more enlightened and because it develops their sense of aesthetic beauty, but principally because it opens up a new world of vision and provides a new outlet for their energies which are frequently restricted and sometimes frustrated amid the confines of regimented life in the modern world.

Art is not the means of an escape from life, but instead a master collection of works in which every feeling and thought in the whole human gamut may find instantaneous and sympathetic response. A work in a bright major key symbolizes in general the idea of evolution or coming into life in the visible world. In a sombre minor key, it symbolizes the idea of involution or returning to the invisible world whence everything came. Also, the stricter its form, the nearer the work approaches the spiritual world and breathes the spiritual life. With freer form, it approaches the everyday life of the practical world.

Works of art are for the young and the old, and for both sexes; for men of genius, like the universe, are ever young and ever old, and their works are therefore ageless and timeless. Also, because of their androgyny,

men of genius are able to represent in their works, with equal skill and understanding, both male and female characters and forms. The direction of a civilization may be determined by the spirituality or materiality of its art works. Likewise, as a civilization inclines, so do its men of genius, who reflect in their works something of that to which the civilization aspires. Yet the greatest works of art are more than records of the aspirations of individual civilizations; they are the immortal record of man's hopes and ideals which he has ever held aloft on his journey through the ages.

Nothing is stranger than that, while astronomers can predict the unusual movements of the heavenly bodies, and seers the coming of great events, no-one ever seems to have predicted the coming of a man of genius. He is like a new star which is born in the universe, but which does not become visible until its light has come among men on Earth. Apparently, no-one ever suspected that a little boy in ancient Greece would become Homer; or a boy in India, the poet Kalidasa; or a boy in Germany, the composer Bach; or a boy in Italy, the painter Da Vinci. Nor have men of genius generally been born of illustrious parents. On the contrary, practically all of them came from humble parents; and the history of genius shows that the humbler the mother and therefore the nearer to Nature, the greater the man — which is perfectly logical, since the energy of Nature is one of the physical elements which are highly necessary to the man of genius in bringing forth his works. But linked to this force of Nature is the clairvoyant power of the Spirit, by which he perceives the eternal beauty of things that he imparts to his works and leaves as a legacy to all men and for all time. For the man of genius is but an instrument of Destiny, and his masterpieces belong not to him, but to the ages for ever.

MERTON S. YEWDALE

All that is sweet, delightful, and amiable in this world, in the serenity of the air, the fineness of seasons, the joy of light, the melody of sounds, the beauty of colours, the fragrancy of smells, the splendour of precious stones, is nothing else but Heaven breaking through the veil of this world, manifesting itself in such a degree and darting forth in such variety so much of its own nature.

—WILLIAM LAW

SHRI-MADHAVA-ASHISH

The Secret Doctrine

As a Contribution to World Thought

[Shri-Madhava-Ashish was for many long years the disciple and constant companion of the late Shri-Krishna-Prem. Shri-Krishna-Prem, readers will remember, shed light on the *Gītā* in memorable articles in THE ARYAN PATH which were afterwards published in book form. In his last years he applied his splendid philosophical understanding to the abstruse but richly rewarding ancient Stanzas of Dzyan, on which Madame Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine* is based. Like his teacher Shri-Madhava-Ashish is both a devotee and a student of philosophy. His candid and clear evaluation of *The Secret Doctrine* is valuable both to the serious reader generally and the student of Theosophy particularly.

Because of its great value we make an exception to our usual policy and reprint this article although it has already been published in *The American Theosophist,* Spring 1969 issue, which was a special issue entitled "The Secret Doctrine and the Contribution of H. P. Blavatsky to World Thought."—ED.]

THE WORLD'S MANY RELIGIOUS TEACHINGS are human attempts to express man's half-defined ideas about himself and the world he lives in. As we become richer in our wealth of concepts and more knowledgeable about our environment, so we find it necessary from time to time to reformulate our religious ideas. H.P.B's contribution to world thought was such a reformulation. It was no new truth that she propounded; she claimed, in fact, that she was only disclosing the secrets of the ancients. And though this was in some measure true, she spoke from the position of a woman of her time, well versed in the science of her time. She produced a reformulation of religious ideas which began to combine the transcendental Wisdom of the East with the scientific knowledge of the West.

The Oxford English Dictionary defines Theosophy as: Any system of speculation which bases the knowledge of nature upon that of the divine nature. We may add that knowledge of the divine nature is obtained through knowledge of its manifest qualities in nature. Although H.P.B. rightly tilted at the materialism of nineteenth-century science, and though some of her own statements seem to have been extravagantly wrong, she was not so much denying the natural facts discovered by scientists as she was the constructions they built upon those facts. At a time when faith in religious myth and superstition was badly shaken by scientific discoveries, she reintroduced the thinking world to the idea

of a non-theistic spiritual path — the path of human evolutionary aspiration. Through the Cosmogenesis of *The Secret Doctrine* she began an attempt to heal the dichotomy between the religio-spiritual and the scientifico-material views of life. Neither did "God" make the world, nor was it made by the random concatenation of energetic particles. And emphatically the world was not limited to the phenomena susceptible to analysis by the scientific method. What the West had regarded as a personal God was the power which sought, as Jacob Boehme said, to find, feel, and behold itself. And to discover that power we have to search with as much realism and urgency in this field of enquiry as does the scientist within the limits of his field.

Although, as the Emerald Tablet of Hermes Trismegistus says, our path is analytically to "Separate the earth from the fire, the subtle from the gross, gently and with skill," our view of being must synthetically encompass all things which were "produced from One by the mediation of One." To find the ALL from which all things come, we must search within the totality of Being with the totality of our being. If in the study of the divine being we ignore the study of its manifest nature, we are rejecting the means by which the divine consciousness itself becomes aware of its own inherent qualities. It is the purpose of a Cosmogony to lead us to a perception of the unmanifest power which underlies the world of appearances. This is the purpose of the *Stanzas of Dzyan,* and this is the purpose of H.P.B.'s *The Secret Doctrine.* Unless we understand the harmonious interrelationships of all things, unless we perceive the divine purpose which gives direction and significance to all events, then we fall into the chaos of meaninglessness.

Many people drew water from H.P.B's spring and channelled it into their particular religious schools, but she herself was concerned neither with the founding of a new school nor with the resuscitation of old ones. She taught the timeless truth of man's essential identity with the divine power which, in making manifest its own hidden qualities, discovers itself to itself through the human vehicle of its own awareness. She spoke with the authority of those who stood behind her, the Perfected Men or Masters of the Secret Wisdom who themselves embody the truth she taught. And she expounded their path of compassion through which those men who complete the evolutionary cycle and attain to the goal of self-knowledge, towards which the whole manifest process is directed, remain in their state of utter perfection that the light of their being may shine out as a beacon of love to other men. Love is the unmanifest made manifest. Suffering is its privation. We cannot have the one without the other. Those who reject suffering also reject the demands of love, and

for them there is the direct path of self-annihilation in return to the absolute Source of all things.

As we have said, the basic tenets of H.P.B.'s Theosophy were not new. For many centuries the East had known that the Self of man and the Self of the universe is one. But in application this knowledge was restricted to a relatively select number of people, for the reason that it is a truth which can be grasped only by men whose understanding ranks high in the scale of human evolution. In the ancient world the select few raised their level of intelligence and culture at the expense of the many, gaining the physical leisure they needed for active thought by causing others to labour for them. This inevitably led to corruption; for, though it was not true of men of actual spiritual attainment, wherever the inner truth was formulated as a teaching the holders of the teaching denied by their privileges the very unity which by virtue of their privileged position they were able to perceive. The most orthodox of Brahmans would devoutly recite Sanskrit verses in praise of the one divinity manifest in many forms, yet would simultaneously deny other castes access to his knowledge, just as, in another setting, the Roman Catholic priesthood denied the laity access to the secrets of the Church. Nevertheless, it can be maintained that such exclusiveness was justified in that era by the real difficulty of holding to intellectual perceptions against the constant tendency to revert to the level of non-intellectual, tribal man.

As with an individual, the body of humanity simultaneously grows or evolves in all its parts. But, again, as with an individual, its parts serve different functions. While the Eastern limb of humanity remained relatively static, holding to its transcendental perceptions, the Western limb set off to adventure in the fields of mundane knowledge. The West's consequent assertion of material values led to a greater separation of the human conscious, ego integration from the underlying unity of the Self than occurred in the East. It is this increased separation which gives rise to the West's heightened psychic tension with its consequent expression as available psychic energy.

From the Western viewpoint, the East remains "unconscious" and "primitive," even though it represents the repository of the Secret Wisdom. This is why the Western dreamer, and the novelist who dreams for the collectivity of men, often represents the journey into Self by a recession into primitive or prehistoric surroundings. This is the pattern which led H.P.B. in *The Secret Doctrine* to lay undue stress on the significance of prehistoric races. The dawn that seems to hang permanently over the lands of the rising sun brightens to noon-day glory in the West, so that

the brightly wide-awake, outward-looking consciousness of the Western man is, as it were, separated from his "Eastern," spiritually perceptive dawn state. Now, having spent his energy and found the product bitter, the Westerner looks towards the East which outwardly represents the dawn state he has lost in himself, while the Easterner begins to summon to the service of his hitherto stagnant life the vitality and persistence which become second nature to the West. As a generalization one can say that the Westerner typically has difficulty in understanding what the spiritual path is about, but, if he once catches on to the idea, he can bring great energy and persistence to its achievement. Knowledge of what has to be done is the Easterner's birthright, but he seldom wants to do anything about it. Theoretical or philosophical knowledge and practical application are two very different things. Knowledge and energy have to be joined; which means, in effect, that every individual man has to unite East and West in himself if mankind is to achieve an integral perception of the actual truth, uncoloured by racial or sectarian bias.

Whatever our cultural background, we are faced by the same problem: how to bring a realistic attitude to bear on the religious enquiry. Either we do not know what it is all about, or, knowing it, we do not want it. We perform the traditional actions of making spiritual effort, kneeling or sitting cross-legged in meditation, singing devotional hymns, and arguing philosophical problems, but they are ritual automatisms, empty of the fire of true aspiration. The posture is a gymnastic achievement, the meditation is a set exercise instead of being an urgent inquiry, the devotional hymns loaded with sentimentality instead of being the soul's ecstatic agony, and the arguments are set pieces learned by rote.

In this context it may be understood that H.P.B.'s cosmogonic approach to the subject was consonant with her entirely trans-sectarian attitude. The religionist (and the scientist) works within the confines of his creed. The cosmogonist, confronted by the self-evident fact of evolution, perceives the wonder of the divine nature and enquires into its factual source, its purpose, and its goal. Though his system of reference includes much that the scientist would call unproven or even subjective, he is concerned with what to him is rational fact. He is concerned not with "God" but with the power that includes both the world and the awareness by which the world is perceived. The power that raised man from the dust is, in the last analysis, the same as the power that looks through the eyes, hears through the ears, and touches with the hands. Man is at one with the universe, and that is the same as saying that man is at one with God. Man is God, or God is man; it makes little difference which way one looks at it. Nor is it a blank, impersonal

power; for what is blank and impersonal could not give birth to the full personality of man.

But to say that the divine power encompasses personality does not mean that there is a personal God; for the universally diffused awareness does not discriminate between the bliss of one individual and the suffering of another. The undeniable fact of personal grace is to be attributed to the intervention of those Perfected Men, at one with divinity, whom H.P.B. called the Masters. There can be no two ways about it: the thing we have wrapped up in symbols and called God, Spirit, *Atman,* Self, or what you will, is the self-nature of both man and the universe. Qualities of being which were so deeply buried as hardly to be called human potentialities were projected out on to the heavens in the form of the God-image. This fact finds expression in Hindu ritual worship, where the deity, meditated upon in the heart, is breathed out into an image, there to be worshipped, and afterwards breathed in again. Like the Divine Being itself, to know what lies hidden in the darkness of the heart we must first bring it out into the daylight world of form.

When, with the all too slow evolution of man, these potentialities of the Self become realizable, their projection on to the God-image is necessarily withdrawn and God seems to die. What was projected outside now has to be found as integral parts of the unity that is man. What previously flowed as external streams of traditional religion must now well up in man's heart as the pure springs of the Spirit. God does not die, but lives where he always was, in identity with the Self of man.

Like everything else, the individual Self must evolve and grow, passing from unrealized potential to a clear focus in the transindividual light. But it is the Self of man — not an Eastern or Western Self. Nor is the distinction between an Eastern and a Western psyche any more than that between a peasant and a citizen anywhere in the world. These racial distinctions are not fundamental differences in human types, but are, rather, stages along man's evolutionary path which are reached at different times by different peoples. But neither East nor West is more or less advanced because one has taken a stride with the left leg while another took a stride with the right.

This is a point we have to get clear in our minds if the Westerner is to appreciate the full value of H.P.B.'s work and not tend to dismiss it as exotic Orientalism. One has heard of many Westerners blaming their contact with "Oriental mysticism" for landing them in psychological trouble of one sort or another, an attitude which is no more intelligent than that of some psychologists in India who trace patients' troubles to their practice of Yogic exercises, instead of seeing that the sort of man

who is liable to neurosis often seeks relief from his tensions through so-called Yoga. Any traveller of the spiritual path ought to know that his road will lead him away from the well-trodden ways of gregarious men and into the deep and unfrequented jungles of the mind. It makes not the slightest difference where one's teaching comes from; one cannot blame the teaching for the beasts that lurk in one's private jungle. By whatever path one goes, sooner or later tensions are going to arise. How one deals with them, and how much tension the individual can stand, are matters to be decided between teacher and pupil.

This vexed question of a supposed inherent difference between the Eastern and the Western psyche was propounded by C. G. Jung, the famous psychotherapist, whose apparent failure to come to terms with his own psychic "East" accounts for his theories on the subject and for much of his hesitation on the brink of the spiritual leap. East and West are within each of us. The typically active Westerner needs to find the appreciation of those timeless spiritual values of the East in whose presence the West's technological achievements are as so much dust, while the Easterner needs some of the West's energy. It has to be added, however, that this is a different question from the case of a person who attempts to settle in a foreign environment, such as a Zen monastery or an Indian *ashrama*. The latter person can be courting trouble of a sort that has nothing to do with Orienal mysticism but much to do with the ordinary human adjustments to food, climate, language, racial sympathies, and customs. He must either be content to remain a foreigner, sticking out from his environment like a sore thumb, or must submit himself to a reconditioning of his basic habits, equivalent to an intense brain-washing. Resistance to such change, and so the amount of psychic tension involved, varies with individuals. Nevertheless it should be stressed that the only adequate basis for such adaptation is personal and reciprocal affection between teacher and pupil. If this is absent, much of the effort is so much waste.

It is unfortunate that C. G. Jung took the attitude he did towards the Orient and the spiritual path in general. The entry to the path opens inward, and for practical purposes can be equated with the psychological enquiry into the causes of behaviour, emotion, and thought. All real spiritual teachers have been wise in the science of the soul — a science whose modern name is psychology, for the Greek word for soul is *psyche*. But Jung, who seems to have come nearer to an affirmation of the Spirit than any of the other modern psychologists, sows his doubts in the minds of his readers as he leads them to the point beyond which he fears to go, so that, as he turns away, they turn away with him. The closer to truth

a man goes, the more insidious his doubts become.

Unless we are ready to enter the gateway into the subconscious parts of our natures, we never really learn anything about ourselves. Our nature's many aspects cause us to throw many shadows whose basis within ourselves we so much fear to see that we prefer to think them the inferior qualities of our friends. Entry marks the difference between the man who has really begun to work on himself and the one who has vaguely spiritual ideas, has studied philosophy, or performs a few religious observances. We have to unlearn the imposed patterns of childhood's conditioning, like a deformed plant to be cut back to our roots, and grow again — straight. We have to learn a new language, the language of Darkest Africa, that dark continent of all those hidden parts of ourselves of which we are not normally aware. It is the language of feeling; signs, symbols, the primitive sign-language of our racial childhood, which we left behind us in the magical East when we set out to discover the material world. Indeed, it is primal rather than primitive, the pictographic ideograms from which language derives, basic to man as man. He who can read this language aright has the key to many mysteries. It is the gateway to the East, the return path to psychic wholeness, the path which is truly open only to the strong; for, as Kipling said:

> There is neither East nor West,
> Border nor breed nor birth,
> When two strong men stand face to face,
> Though they come from the ends of the earth.

Mankind is one. If we cannot see this, if we are so identified with the material accidents of our racial environment that we cannot recognize the common bond of humanity which bridges all differences of culture, language, symbolic vocabulary, and psychic attitude, then we should at least have the humility to admit our inferiority in the scale of human evolution.

To many of us, and in particular to the younger generations who know nothing of H.P.B.'s work, some of the main ideas disseminated by Theosophy are now so much of a commonplace that we may fail to appreciate our debt to the person who made them available in popular form, just as few of us appreciate our debt to Martin Luther for our freedom to write of these things, unhindered by fear of the Catholic Inquisition. People who are unwittingly indebted to H.P.B. for the mystical road to the East she opened to them ignorantly side with the detractors of her controversial personality. In fact, one finds it hard to imagine what it was like before such ideas were commonly available, and the only way offered was through the seemingly empty and meaningless postur-

ings of orthodox religion.

Perhaps every generation feels that it stands at a vitally significant turning-point in human evolution. In our present age the fate of mankind seems to turn less on good or bad works than on how many of us can get a direct grasp on those basic values of being which make it matter whether people do or do not do anything at all. It is the loss of such values, with the consequent sense of life's meaninglessness, that has led to the present position in which society seems bent on plunging into undirectioned chaos. When, however, the significance of life seems to disappear, it is not really lost; the old formulation of life's meaning has become inadequate, the light has gone out of the form, and an attempt must be made to reformulate the light of meaning in a somewhat more meaningful manner.

The God-image, with its associated creeds and dogma, has been an effective means of guiding human evolution for several centuries. Under the influence of its projected potency the general level of mankind has been raised from tribal law to the democratic concept in which each individual is supposed to have developed a sufficiently rational control of his baser instincts to enable him to achieve some sort of personal fulfilment while contributing to the common good. In other terms: the individual has developed a conscience which tempers his egotistic desire. But his conscience, when examined, turns out not to derive from direct perception of the eternal verities but from reflexes conditioned by childhood's indoctrination. When a society learns to challenge the validity of its conscience, its ethic tends to collapse into amorality. At such a moment mankind's continuing health depends on the appearance of a formulation of the eternal truth in such a form as can be readily understood by the averagely intelligent man. And that, we repeat, is what we feel to have been the significance of H.P.B.'s contribution to world thought.

SHRI-MADHAVA-ASHISH

What is that which shines through me, and strikes upon my heart without hurting it? And I shudder and kindle: shudder, in as much as I am unlike it; kindle, in as much as I am like it. It is Wisdom, Wisdom's self which thus shines into me ...

—ST. AUGUSTINE

DONALD H. BISHOP

The Philosophical Basis of Student Activism in the 1960s

[Dr. Donald H. Bishop, B.SC., B.D., PH.D., is Associate Professor of Philosophy at Washington State University, U.S.A., and concerned mainly with teaching Oriental Philosophy and Philosophy of Religion. Readers may remember his article "First Impressions of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*" in our issue for January 1968.

In this long essay, of which we reprint below the first part, he examines sympathetically and seriously the values which he discovers in action behind the widely publicized unrest amongst students on American campuses. He finds that the majority of the serious students represent a criticism of the world of today from a standpoint which in itself must appeal to anyone with wide sympathies and humane hopes.—ED.]

I

PROTESTS AND DEMONSTRATIONS by students in American colleges and universities have been very much in the news in the last three years. While the press vividly describes what happens during such agitations, it seldom goes into the motives and philosophy of the dissenters. It is the latter which I shall deal with in this essay.

We should first remind ourselves of the dramatic change which occurred on American campuses in the decade of the sixties. I think it is accurate to say that at its beginning most American students tended to be apathetic, concerned mainly with themselves and their immediate world, and oblivious of the larger events taking place on the world stage. Then came American participation in Vietnam, small and hardly noticeable at first, but growing steadily and finally becoming an all-out war involving over half a million soldiers, a major part of the federal budget and expenditures, massive destruction, widespread suffering, and the wounding and killing of huge numbers of soldiers and civilians.

It was this event more than any other which brought about a change in the American campuses beginning in the mid-sixties and reaching a climax at their end. There were still students living in their own little world, concerned only about their careers and how they might best stake out their claim in the *status quo* which they uncritically accepted. There were many others, however, who had become concerned about that *status quo* or "The Establishment." Even more, they had become critical, highly critical, and they did not hesitate to express their criticism and discontent in a number of ways which soon caught public attention.

It might be pointed out that the present student generation is much more knowledgeable and informed than any previous one. This is a result of a number of factors — the large amount of money being poured into education, more numerous and more rapid means of communication, the enormous increase in the amount of factual information available to us, technological and scientific developments, and the higher quality of education at the pre-university levels.

In the second place a large number of them are much more "world"-oriented-and-conscious. They are more aware of what is going in in the rest of the world. Their starting-point is mankind, not America. They have a much broader knowledge of world geography, history, politics. They realize that they live in a world which is one, a world in which as John Donne pointed out in the 1600s:

> No man is an island unto himself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main. If a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were — as well as if a home of thy friend, or if thy own were; every man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind, and therefore, never send to know for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee.

Thirdly, the students of whom I am speaking, the majority of those who participate in the protest movements, are very moralistic. They have an acuteness of conscience which is remarkable and commendable. They are sensitive to the hypocrisy in government and American social institutions. They are wary of national leaders who make promises and do not fulfil them, who say one thing and do another. They are critical of leaders of religious, educational, and civic institutions who refuse to speak the truth for fear of losing the support of some of their constituency. These students are also sensitive to the economic and racial inequalities and injustices in the United States. And they are conscious of and concerned about the disparity between the United States and the rest of the world. They are troubled because it is the most conspicuous of the "have," in comparison to the "have not," nations. Their conscience leads them to take the side of the poor, dispossessed, and oppressed. Finally their conscience is troubled by the war in Vietnam; for they regard it as immoral, illegal, and fruitless. It was their moral sensitivity, then, which led students to question, criticize, and finally rise up in revolt.

What is the philosophical basis of their dissent? I would like to answer in terms of three categories: their political, social, and religious views. There are four major aspects of the first. The dissenting student sees himself as a citizen of the world first and of a particular segment of it next. It is this which attracts him to Montesquieu's statement:

> If I knew something useful to my nation which would be ruinous to another, I would not propose it to my prince, because I am a man before I am a Frenchman, or because I am necessarily a man, and only by chance a Frenchman.

Likewise it is this sense of world citizenship which leads him to reject the sentiment expressed by a recent former President in the statement:

> I have seen the glories of art and architecture, and mountain and river; I have seen the sunset on the Jungfrau and the full moon rise over Mont Blanc. But the fairest vision on which these eyes ever looked was the flag of my country in a foreign land.

The dissenter feels that loyalty to the universal has priority over loyalty to the particular. Thus he rejects a blind, uncritical patriotism. To him the true patriot is a person like Thoreau, who criticized the American government in 1848 for its part in the Mexican-American war. The dissenter rejects the notion of "My nation, right or wrong." He believes instead that a person has a moral obligation to disobey his country if he believes it is engaged in wrong. When it is a choice between conscience and patriotism or loyalty, the former must be hearkened to.

A second aspect of his political philosophy is a rejection of the concept of "manifest destiny." For over a century and more many Americans have believed that somehow fate, God, nature, or history has destined America to become the champion of liberty throughout the world, the prophet of truth and righteousness, the guide of all mankind, the leader for other nations to follow into Utopia. Protestors forthrightly reject this view; for they feel there is nothing special, unique, or superior about America which should entitle her to such a role. Furthermore they do not accept the paternalistic attitude found in many Americans. They do not see America as a good father spreading cheer and economic aid throughout the world. To them paternalism smacks too much of despotism; for the father who aids too often wants favours in return. In addition paternalism, like "manifest destiny," has too strong an aroma of self-righteousness about it.

In the third place these students reject the philosophy of political realism. According to it nations, like individuals, are concerned primarily with their own preservation and are willing to use any means at hand to insure it. Thus all international relations are carried on in the context of self-interest and self-defence. One must always be suspicious, distrustful, and fearful of others. Always negotiate from a position of strength. Use the threat of force, and actual force when necessary, to gain your ends.

Their rejection of such a view is one aspect of the pacifist philosophy which has been accepted by many, probably a majority, of the dissenters. While there have been demonstrations involving violence, most of the activity has been of a non-violent nature. Sit-ins and lay-downs, passive resistance to harrassment and arrest, have been the rule rather than the exception. Non-violent resistance was popularized in America by the late Martin Luther King, who was, of course, deeply influenced by Mahatma Gandhi.

A fourth aspect of the protestor's political philosophy is their disagreement with the traditional view of the role and relevance of the nation or state in today's world. They take the attitude that the state is an anachronism, that modern technology and communications have made it out of date. We live in a constricted world where the actions of one nation may have immediate and serious repercussions on others. The belief, therefore, in the state as an autonomous unit, responsible only to itself and not the international community, is fallacious and illusory in terms of the present condition of the world. As "No man is an island," so is no nation. The notion of absolute sovereignty must be given up. Nations must become willing to defer to a powerful international organization, just as provinces within a country accept the sovereignty of the central government.

The student also rejects the present generally accepted premise that a nation has a right to demand absolute loyalty from its subjects. This too is an anachronistic tradition, for we now live in one world. As indicated by the words quoted from Montesquieu we are citizens of the human race before we are citizens of a particular segment of it. Thus loyalty and service to the former comes first. This means that, if the state one lives in requires a citizen to do something which may be detrimental to the well-being of mankind or other states, that citizen has a right to reject such a duty in terms of his loyalty to mankind. This, as a matter of fact, is the situation many protestors of draft age feel themselves to be in. They feel the war in Vietnam is a threat to the peace and stability of the world. They reject their country's demand that they give absolute loyalty and obedience to their country and fight in that war.

DONALD H. BISHOP

(To be concluded)

Truth is a divine thing, a friend more excellent than any human friend.

—ST. THOMAS ACQUINAS

ALUN LLEWELLYN

The Island of Time

[Our old friend Mr. Alun Llewellyn provides once again a substantial contribution to the interpretation of the Ancient Books of Wales. He brings out the ancient conception of the astronomical context of our life on earth which helps to define our conceptions of time. It is shown that the ancient Welsh books have behind them a carefully considered theory of the structure of the universe.—ED.]

THE ESSAY in the *Book of the Taliesin* (Fol. 68), entitled "*Echrys ynys guaut huynys,*" has a distinct interest. The YNYS of the opening phrase is not only recognizable as "Island" in modern Welsh but, referable as it is to the many discourses on Time and Space characteristic of this collection, recalls the words of Plutarch. "Over against Britain there is an Island in which Cronus (the god of Time) is imprisoned ... as he sleeps; for, as they put it, sleep is the bond forged for Cronus." Time, or the work of sun and star that measured it, contained in the immense hold of Night in Space, is a theme familiar to all philosophies, including Relativity. The concept on which this essay is based would therefore seem to date, so far as Britain is concerned, at least as far back as *c.* A.D. 50 and to have an origin much earlier than the introduction of Classical learning under Roman rule, particularly towards the end of the Roman world. But this concept is itself very ancient. The idea of the Universe as a sphere islanded in the depths of Outer Space, a containment of mortal Time suspended in the vastness of Eternity, is a recurrent image, whether or not it took the alternative metaphoric shape of a Lotus, a Casket, or an Ark adrift on immense waters and bearing within it the intelligence of Man, a Prajapati, Brahma, Vishnu, Sargon, Moses, Mabon, or Amadis.

A more immediate instance is in the fact that modern astrophysics assures us that the concept was correct; that the discoverable Universe is surrounded by a barrier our instruments of analysis can touch but cannot traverse to reach the space that lies beyond it.

The World in the Ring of Time

Ocean, the shore of Earth, was sphered
by the World of Sun within the island of Creation
that lies ringed in the round of Time's four Quarters;
marshalled Time that spheres Ocean with the moving sun
and sets a wreath of stars over the seas.

The seas lie shaped under Night's outermost heaven
whose order of light over Earth lives under the sun,
the inner Fire conceived with the birth of the planets,
the mastered Sun that sprang from the stars
to set Earth in the ring of Time.

Over Ocean rules the wide wheel of the constellations;
Earth's skies are the least division of the Whole
which is the finite force of the Universe,
the inner revolution of Time's eternal turning,
the concentration of the lawed Sun
in the design for Earth which Eternity made living
through the rimmed Night which shapes the arch of planets.
The animate energy of the Sun
is ruled within the limits Time has set for it.

The formed heaven of stars and the formed life of Man
are one and together
in the Sphere that joins the seas and shores
and gathers Earth within the constellations.
The World was fashioned between Night and Ocean,
aligned by the Firmament
in the living skies of Time;
its planets warder the seas
in the stations set by Eternity,
the seas that girdle Earth in the spiralled Night,
the Night that conceived Earth
and contains the Four Points of its horizons,
the Night that marshals its days in the ranks of years.

The sphere of stars was gathered in vital shape,
sphered and closured to form the Firmament
and set horizons for the birth of Air,
for the measured Sun and the planets
that circle Earth's issue within them,
the Earth which is bound in the hold of stars
and bordered by Time,
the circuit of Night made mobile by Creation;
Creation that enclosed the Sun's movement about the World
and set it within the concrete cycle
of the constellations,
that fashioned the dome in which the planets turn,
the finite whorl in finite space
that bore the World within it,
the finite whorl that set the Sun in the sphere of Night,
the Sun reined in its cycle over the seas,
the Sun created to count the numbers of Earth,

the Earth which rose in the ring of Night
from the vital stronghold of the stars.

The formed sector of skies that holds the Sun
compasses Earth and binds it
in the crowded congregation of the Universe,
the constellations round it lighting the Night,
the concave of stars that brought the World together.

The tract of planets, heavened itself
by the Firmament closed upon it,
orders the hours of Earth
in Creation's torque of power;
it moves around this inner shaping
of Creation's form, which is Man,
and its controlled existence crystallized
our own life under its separate heaven.

The order set upon the Sun counsels Man's mind
through the World of stars that stemmed from the track of Night.
Arch of the world in the vault of Eternity,
the Sun's sector holds within it
the law of Time for the circle of Ocean,
the burning planets set in the Universe
that's sphered and single in the frame of Night.

In the vocabulary common to the Ancient Books of Wales, the word YNYS is formed from two shorter words, each applied to the Universe as a whole and used adjectivally to govern the description of its several inner divisions — YN and YS, Being and Existence. The YN, when applied to the five stages of creation in succession, the Space of Night, Stars, Solar System, Sea (or Ocean), and the Shores of Land, takes the forms ON, UN, AN, EN, IN already discussed in earlier treatments of these texts. Similarly, YS becomes OS, US, AS, ES, IS, the Lucretian combinations of *Summa Rerum, Mundus,* and *Terra* forming OUN and OUS, AEN and AES, EIN and EIS. The Proto-Cosmos and the Neo-Cosmos of course become YUN and YUS, UYN and UYN as appropriate. This convention was used with other letters of the alphabet (YL, YM, YP, YT etc.) to express other aspects of created things. The interplay of these monosyllabic words allowed a considerable freedom of expression, not always easy to render into unpedantic English. For the moment, it is enough to point out that the succession of spheres following YNYS reads ONOS, ANAS, ENES, INIS, to suggest their existence as units in the general scheme.

Both YNYS and ECHRYS have the same element (YS) governing their meaning, repeated in HUYNYS. YRYS (finally becoming RYS as the scripts

began to discard the over-frequent Y) meant a Limit set on Existence. YR, as usual, develops as OR, UR, AR, ER, IR, the OR reflecting the Latin *Ora* and the Greek *Horos* with their significant relation to the aspects of Time, *Hora* in both languages. H was applied with knowledge of its function in Greek as a separately pronounced sign; TH, CH, YH appear in the Ancient Books as distinct words conveying the idea of a Whole. Here, it is most probably intended to affect EC, which distinguishes the Sphere of Ocean from the rest (YC, OC, UC, AC, EC, IC), and the text makes it plain that ECHRYS refers to 'the horizon-curve of the seas circled by the stars, the rim of Earth itself against the outer Universe.

That the vocabulary, using Latin alphabetic signs including those borrowed from Greek (Y and K), was a transference from a less literate tradition seems borne out by the (to us) evident awkwardness of form. It has been pointed out that even twelfth-century Welsh had not yet developed verbs, but had to use verb-nouns. In the writings called the Ancient Books this characteristic is even more pronounced; and it was impossible to write, e.g., of the Sphere of Night (OC) in its first shape except as YC-OC (COC) or, when it presided over the Neo-Cosmos, except by the convention of turning the C into G (GOG); of the formation of the Firmament (UU) into its own separate sphere (UC) except as UU-UCH, a phrase which the Black Book transcribes as WUCH more than once. But juxtaposition of such phrases as ARNUYDALHO and ARNUYGELHO make it clear that a precise mental picture of related but carefully distinguished concepts was in the minds of the writers.

It has already been noted that the first mention of these Ancient Books (*Chronicle of Nennius, c.* A.D. 900) places them about A.D. 500, at the time when a previous script, known as Ogam, used about the Irish Sea, faded into disuse. The Ogam script is not known to have been used earlier than, perhaps, A.D. 400. It was firmly based on Latin, though the Roman alphabetic signs were replaced by a series of dots in groups of one to five for the vowels A. O. U. E. I. and the consonants by upright and diagonal strokes. Two notable divergencies appear between Ogam and the script preserved in the Ancient Books of Wales: in Ogam there is no sign for Y. The evidence suggests that the Welsh texts introduced it as a sixth vowel to act as an over-all term including the rest. Secondly, there is no K in Ogam, which prefers to use Q, while the Ancient Books employ K for a specific meaning and Q is wholly unknown to them. But the equation of Ogam signs with Latin rests on an early medieval collation of the two and *Kappa* and *Koppa,* as the Greeks distinguish K and Q, may have been confused.

The point is relevant to an inscription in Ogam remaining at Dun-

more Head in the west of Kerry, a point at the most south-westerly promontory of Ireland, overlooking the waters of the Atlantic and standing, therefore, for its shapers, at the last edge of the Shores where nothing but Ocean stretched to the limits of the skies.

It has been transcribed: ERC MAQI MAQI ERCIAS MODOFINIA and translated (Sir John Rhys, 1898) as "Erc, son of the son of Ercias (son of) Modofinis." As a translation, it must be admitted that it deals only with one word, MAQI; the rest are interpreted as personal names and, even so, "son of" has to be introduced to explain the last pair. Ogam, however, did not need to write "MAQI MAQI," since it had a word for grandson, AVI.

If the *Koppa* is changed to *Kappa,* the sentences make something the Ancient Books could contain without difficulty: ERC MAKIMA KI, ERCIAS MODOF INIA. Irish legend has had the same origin and the same development as Welsh. That Erc was given the character of a legendary Irish king is paralleled by the case of Gwydion in the Welsh Mabinogion tales, who nevertheless retains his original connection with ancient philosophies as the name for the Galaxy. ERC does in fact appear in the Ancient Books in company with the full series, YURC, UYRC, ORC, URC, ARC, ERC, IRC, and YRC, with their derivatives, and is the curve of Ocean. IAS is a similarly frequent term that means the inner structure of the World of Sun. KI and MODOF are equally frequent. The script would read: "Ocean, the inner shore of the working of the World; Ocean whose further shore is set against the movement of Time in the Night." The translation can be bettered but gives the idea of the Sea bounded by the Sun in the day and by the Stars in the night, and by nothing else. Nothing would be more suitable to the siting of this inscribed stone or more natural to the men who set it up than to record their wonder at the mathematic precision of Time demonstrated and ordered in the machinery of the heavens. The attribution of this script to a mythical Ogam may be unnecessary. The word, in the Ancient Books, would mean the Night sphered around the World, living Time enclosing the ambit of the Sun.

What prior knowledge had reached the coasts of the Irish Sea for fifth-century philosophers, refugees from the downfall of Rome, to find and develop into greater sophistication, Plutarch, Diodorus, perhaps Pytheas, can only hint at. The intimate connection with the skills of the East Mediterranean which the Ancient Books reveal may, however, reach as far back as the time of the Wessex culture that re-shaped Stonehenge.

ALUN LLEWELLYN

WINSTON R. COOPER

Memory and Time

[At an early age Mr. Winston R. Cooper was inspired by books and talks on Theosophy to a quest for philosophical truths. After many years of study and travel and thought he has recently begun to write, he says, not because of any pretensions to literary talent but because he has something to say.

In this brief and concise but clear essay he considers how our notions of past, present, and future are conditioned by our limited consciousness and yet mislead us because we do not realize the implications of our consciousness being limited in the way it is. His discussion leads him to the Eternal Now. Mystical students and spiritual aspirants are advised by wise teachers to live neither in the present nor in the past or the future, but in the Eternal Now.—ED.]

THAT we move through our lives severely handicapped by the feeble illumination of limited consciousness is an observation we are bound to make sooner or later. But to question the reason and necessity for this limitation is a prerogative we may exercise or not as we desire.

Should we choose to ask this question then we shall have to consider the effect of memory not only in relation to this limitation of consciousness but also in its relation to our dubious ideas of Time. The importance of memory to us, as finite entities, is, of course, quite obvious. We are aware that it is vital to our continuing to function as reasonable beings. But the extent of this importance is, perhaps, not always clearly recognized.

The ability to remember — however imperfectly — that transient moment we call the present as it recedes swiftly into the past gives us a sense of continuity in life. Without this ability to recall each passing event not only would time, as we understand it, cease to be, but we as personalities could have no existence either.

We divide time into past, present, and future; but if we were without Memory there could be no past, and as we can contemplate the future only by our experience of the past, that is, the possibility of the future can only be recognized on the basis of an existing past, the future would also become non-existent. The present is what we call that fleeting moment which is the transition of the future into the past; a moment so transient that it is impossible for us to catch it. It is not measurable. We cannot live in it. What we call living in the present is in reality living in the immediate past or the imminent future. Therefore, it would not be unreasonable to say the present would be non-existent too. This would mean nothing finite would exist. Without memory a consciousness that

is limited cannot conceive of time, and without time the finite cannot be measured. That which cannot be measured by time can only exist for a consciousness that transcends the finite.

It is surely clear that it is because of our ability to remember that we are conscious of our existence as finite beings. But when we consider the limitation of a consciousness that is finite we can also see that memory is a formidable barrier to the removal of such limitation.

We meet each new moment in our lives with the memory of our experience in the past and we count this experience an asset. Yet, whilst I do not suggest that we could dispense with such experience in our finite state, we must admit that because of it we meet each new event in our lives conditionally, and whatever action results from this event is limited by past experience. No action based on such experience can be complete, because whatever past experience has taught us it forces us to choose action which is limited action. To put it another way: we are forced into involvement with the action because experience teaches us to seek a certain result or, alternatively, to avoid a certain result.

In memory we record the passage of events all bearing the mark of the transient present as they slip swiftly by into what we call the past, and we spend most of our lives contemplating these records, using them to create our anticipated future. At other times when not engaged in the past we project ourselves into this illusionary future.

But though we live, as I have suggested, in the immediate past or the imminent future, events can only take place in the present. They do not take place in the past or the future. All events happen in that fleeting moment we call the present; so we are seldom, if ever, really aware of what takes place NOW. What we do grasp we grasp immediately afterwards or anticipate immediately before. The NOW for finite consciousness cannot be said to exist.

So it seems we are confounded. We cannot exist without memory and we cannot live fully because of it. Yet there has to be a solution if we contemplate ever becoming complete beings. Here, I suggest, we make a closer examination of our conception of time.

We speak of three divisions in time. There is the past apparently stretching backwards beyond memory but measurable conditionally by reason of its dimension. We have the future also seeming to stretch forward beyond our powers of anticipation yet also measurable for the same reason. Then we speak of the present which differs from the past and the future in that it is not measurable, being too elusive to be grasped by a finite consciousness because, I suggest, the present, unlike the future and the past, is *infinite*.

I am aware that this suggestion may appear to be a paradox if we contemplate a supposed division of time as infinite. But that is not the intention; for I see the present not as such a division. It appears to me that time for us has only two divisions, past and future, not three as we invariably suppose. But before we pursue this further let us consider consciousness.

When we give attention to ourselves as conscious entities we tend to think of ourselves as conscious entities within the limits of time, that is, as finite beings. In doing this we are constantly employing the function of memory. But some of us do have the rare experience when we step beyond time and the influence of memory and are suddenly aware in a manner that bears no relation to our finite consciousness. Time is stilled and we touch something beyond the finite world we are accustomed to. Perhaps we have touched the infinite consciousness of the True Self. Who can say?

I think in such a moment we have suddenly stepped into the present. It is a moment of discovery and acute awareness. It is also a moment that enables us to see the past and the future as illusions of a time-conditioned consciousness, and the present, the NOW, as a reality of a higher consciousness for which time has no existence. Perhaps we may understand the present as being that in which all that can happen, happens; not merely that which appears to happen seen from within the limits of a finite consciousness. In the past and future there can be nothing but illusion; for if the present is infinite it is infinite in all directions and must contain all that is.

Now, if we accept the idea of the Infinite Present we can see that not only does time cease to have significance but also memory. We must conclude that even our concept of time as understood within the limits of finite consciousness is erroneous. Whereas we persistently refer to three divisions of time, this finite consciousness can, in fact, be concerned only in two, past and future. To be aware of the present and to live in it requires what we may call a higher consciousness. Our inability to live in the present in ordinary circumstances is not due to the supposed transient nature of the present but to the limitations of consciousness on our part. This finite consciousness, limited by its own illusions, the past and the future, cannot move beyond its boundaries into the realm of reality, the Infinite Present. This is the vision of the unlimited consciousness of the True Self and such consciousness does not require the function of memory; for, to it, all is NOW.

WINSTON R. COOPER

K. R. R. SASTRY

On the Discipline of Silence

[This brief note by our old friend Professor K. R. R. Sastry brings out some interesting reflections on silence as a discipline not only of speech but of mind and heart as well, mainly from the Indian tradition.—ED.]

MAHATMA GANDHI's evolution was based *inter alia* on his devotion to his mother, reading the *Bhagavad-Gītā,* the Holy Bible, and the works of Leo Tolstoy and Thoreau. He also practised silence once a week. My mother, very orthodox, observed silence on each *Ekādaśī* day. A detached person (*Vānaprastha*) is advised to observe the discipline of silence so that he can check the activities of his mind. This discipline is to be developed from the silence of speech through that of thoughts, to the absence even of facial indications of any state of mind.

Speech is not to conceal thoughts, *à la* Louis XI. Speech is the expression of ideas. It is an old injunction that one should speak truth (*Taittirīya Upaniṣad*), for Truth alone (ultimately) triumphs — a motto adopted for India's national symbol.

According to Manu, the great lawgiver, the four errors of speech are unpleasant speech, untrue speech, reviling another in speech, and useless speech.[1] Sage Thiruvalluvar, who closely follows Manu and Kauṭilya, as also the *Mahābhārata* — a work *par excellence* for "cultivating dexterous intellect" — ridicules the man of vain words. Verse 191 in *Thirukkural* runs thus:

> Behold the man that
> Angereth his hearers by
> the speaking of vain words;
> he will be despised of
> all men.

Think and then speak is an old adage. If one talks without thinking, he is sure to commit one of the four errors Manu warns against. This corresponds in Vedic parlance to the *Madhyama* stage prior to *Vāk* (speech). How to generate good ideas from our mind always? It can only be done by self-control. If one may recall the definition of Yoga by Patañjali, it is the restraint of mental modifications.

Let us pass on the stage where mind is at complete rest in "choiceless awareness" (to use J. Krishnamurti's phrase). For the sake of verbal convenience, let us term it "silence."

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[1] *Manu.*, XII. 6

This silence may be of two kinds. It may be *Kāṣṭha Mauna* (silence like that of a log of wood) or *Ākāra Mauna* (in the absence of words). Vācaspati Miśra adds:

> The absence of facial indications by which the inner secrets of the mind are revealed constitutes control over oneself so that thought is not communicated by chance and to anyone at random.

Let us go to the lives and lines of men of steadfast wisdom who in their lives had attained to *Samādhi,* a state of deep silence of the separative nature. In one of his inspired songs Pattinathu Swamigal, a Tamil millionaire-turned-saint of the fifteenth century, prays thus in ecstasy to the Lord of Cosmic Dance at Chidambaram:

> Not running hither and thither
> Not working on vain pursuits
> Avoiding the company of partial prejudices
> Not abandoning the company of the Blessed
> Avoiding anger in the heart
> Not slipping away from virtue
> Not seeking for today or tomorrow —
> Give me that (everlasting) Wealth
> O Lord of Chidambaram.

There are seven steps in this discipline towards absolute silence.

First is will towards the auspicious goal (*Śubhecchā*). The second is deliberation on the scripture (*Vicāraṇā*). The third is subtilization of the mind (*Tanumānasī*). The fourth is attainment of a state of purity (*Sattvāpatti*). The fifth is Detachment (*Asaṁsakti*). The sixth stage is absence of interest in objects of senses (*Padārthābhāvanā*). The seventh and last stage is abiding in a consciousness that is above duality (*Tūrya*). Whatever the kind of *Jñāna Yoga,* these stages appear in some form or other.

Deep silence, and what next? Let us hear Mauni Sadhu (a follower of the path of Self-Enquiry as shown by Ramana Maharshi) on this:

> When the mind is transcended and the consciousness therefore merges into *Samādhi,* there cannot be any ecstasy at all, for the very element which can experience it (that is, the mind) in *Samādhi* is absent. But, when *Samādhi* comes to its end and the mind emerges again, it often happens that the ecstasy appears. This is because the mind is then enlightened by the reflection of the unimaginable, spiritual bliss of true superconsciousness devoid of all forms and limitations.

Silence is the interval between two thoughts. If one practises it as a self-discipline, it cleanses us all through.

Jalal-ud-din Rumi reminds us that "when a ship is sinking amidst storm in mid-sea on a dark midnight, our only companion is prayer in silence."

Let me end with these words from Ramana Maharshi himself:

> Silence is the best *Upadeśa* but it is suited only to advanced pupils; others are unable to draw full inspiration from it; therefore they use words to explain the truth. But TRUTH is beyond words. It does not admit of explanation. Lectures may entertain individuals for a few hours without having an effect upon them. Whereas the result of silence is permanent and benefits all. Even though it is not understood, that does not matter. Oral lectures are not so eloquent as silence. *It is unceasing eloquence.* [Italics mine]. The primal Master Dakshinamoorthy taught in silence!

K. R. R. SASTRY

Two Poems

Threads of Fire

Threads of fire
That interlace
The vast Unseen:
Such our thoughts,
Our feelings, too:
Their charge
So potent
It may change
The course of history
Unknown.

Unity

Each man from another is
Distant as a star
Twinkling through eternity:
Each alone is — utterly.

But intuition flashes
Across the spaces vast,
Communication — timeless —
Holds each to other
Fast.

AUDREY S. LA ROCHE

ROGER LANCELYN GREEN

Kenneth Grahame

[We are glad to have a contribution once again from the pen of Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green. He is distinguished in his own right as a writer of books for children and also as a critic. He examines sensitively the special quality that has endeared the work of Kenneth Grahame to children and to all those who have preserved their imagination sufficiently to enjoy in their later years superlative writing for children.—ED.]

THE MOST VIVID MEMORIES of childhood, among imaginative children at least, seem usually to be associated with books. Sometimes the recollection centres in the reading of the books itself, though this tends to be a later and more formal echo of a first love. One's earliest literary delights came usually from books read out loud and are associated with scenes in the story identified immediately with those of one's own experience: the actual looking-glass through which Alice went; the very attic where Princess Irene's grandmother lived; and the cellars into which the Goblins burrowed their way — even the corner of the lane where Beltane the Smith first met Black Roger the Hangman. I could still point these out; but more vivid still are the recollections of how we brought the stories to life: the strange magic which turned the top of the stairs into the Council Rock or a certain flat roof at the highest point of the house into Tarzan's escarpment; how the nursery table, robbed of its drawers and turned upside down with the cloth pinned to its legs as an awning became the raft on which we were washed ashore in Montezuma's Mexico, or on the Mysterious Island, as desired — which could suffer an immediate transformation, with the aid of a couple of cricket-bats, into the *Argo* or the galley in which Ben Hur rowed as a slave ...

These realms of gold one took for granted at the time when we were exploring them: the natural magic was ours for the asking — all that was needed to set the charm working was to be told of the land to which our enchanted carpet was to transport us — Mowgli's jungle or Tarzan's: the surroundings suitable for the Wild Man of the West or of Two Little Savages; King Arthur's court or Mount Olympus, 221B Baker Street or Kor; a castle complete with dungeons and spiral staircases or a School looking down over the Pebble Ridge in North Devon.

But the one thing we did not want was to be told that these were Dream Days in which we were living, that the Golden Age which we took for granted was a thing that would pass, leaving a memory which might one day seem precious to us. Many books were read out loud to us as children, but though I can remember being a trifle bored by *Tom*

Brown's Schooldays and *Moby Dick,* I can only remember once hating a book so much that I almost refused to go and see a play based on one of the author's works — and yet that book was *The Golden Age* and that author was Kenneth Grahame, whom I have been re-reading several times a year for the last quarter of a century.

"*The Golden Age* is A 1, except when it gets mixed with grown-up nonsense," said Oswald Bastable in *The Would-be-Goods;* but E. Nesbit had not read it as a child and, although she felt dimly that there was something about it to antagonize children, could not quite grasp what it was. Looking back now, it seems that my early loathing was in fact a supreme tribute; Kenneth Grahame got too near to the heart of things — like Prince Prigio he "knew too much by half." Without formulating any reason for my antipathy, I think I felt subconsciously that he was making fun of the things that really mattered — or at least bringing out into the glaring light of day matters which were very private and at which the Olympians were only too likely to laugh: and the sound of that laughter might have the same effect on our "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces" that Joshua's trumpets had on the walls of Jericho.

The Golden Age and *Dream Days*, first read properly when I was eighteen, became immediately two of my favourite books and found a place among the half-dozen or so that are re-read every year. They were also among the most formative from my own personal point of view since they were largely responsible for making me a writer of children's books: certainly they caused me to look back to my own childhood before the Fairy wicket had quite closed, realize that I too had lived in a Golden Age, and make me treasure all that I could still recapture from it.

These confessions are not so beside the point as they may seem; for they offer an example in little of the effect which Grahame's double masterpiece had at the time — both on his first readers, and on almost all subsequent writers for or about children.

Before the appearance of *The Golden Age* in 1895 children seem to have been regarded mainly as juvenile adults, and the books written for them almost always kept this fact in view and strove to a greater or a lesser extent to help or improve. This is well shown in Mrs. Molesworth's books, some of which are among the finest novels of child-life in our literature: her understanding of the mind and outlook of the child was in certain respects as deep and in some ways wider than Grahame's, but she never forgot that she was the parent with the divinely appointed responsibility of preparing the developing soul not only for its journey through the kingdoms of this world, but towards its ultimate home in the Kingdom of God. Even when the story is told by the child, as in her best book of

this kind, *The Carved Lions* (1895), this sense of responsibility is apparent — and can indeed, as in this case, add to the story the depth and universality which makes it a classic rather than a period piece.

What Kenneth Grahame did was to capture childhood as a state in itself. By writing for adults and not for children, he avoided the sense of responsibility always inherent to some extent in the child-novel; by writing of children without parents, who could be allied against all the adult world, he was able to concentrate on the aspects of childhood when the child's own sense of responsibility was very much in the background. It is the genuine child's conscience which makes Harold buy the tea-set for Charlotte without thinking of the misery he is causing her by keeping up the feud until the present is given; it is equally the genuine child's lack of responsibility to the Olympians which makes Selina burn the pea-sticks so regardlessly on Trafalgar Day.

Thus it may be only a section of childhood which Grahame recaptures and describes so perfectly, but it is genuine in a way which no writer had achieved before — and in a perfection of setting which no writer in this vein has equalled since. The section is largely that of the imaginary life which most children lead to a greater or lesser extent, for a longer or shorter time: that imaginary world which indeed makes a Golden Age of its own part of childhood. Some of his charm may be that of nostalgia, even to a certain extent of escapism: but it is the escapism of a holiday, and the nostalgia is surely but a timely reminder of "benefits forgot."

The personal element in the appreciation of books like *The Golden Age* and *Dream Days* doubtless makes fair criticism harder: even Grahame's superb style and convincing skill in portraiture may not be enough if he is describing an alien scene and waking no recollections or recognitions in the reader's memory. That a reader of this sort may find another kind of enjoyment in Grahame seems to be shown by Peter Green in his recent biography which uses the books as quarries for a dedicated search for psychological tesseræ with which to reconstruct Grahame's subconscious mind and character.

Certainly Grahame's own childhood must be mirrored fairly clearly in the stories; and the frustrating disappointment which debarred him from the academic career for which he longed and tied him to an office stool in London must have sent his mind scurrying back to the brief, bright days at "The Mount," Cookham Dene, in search of both comfort and escape. But the books gain nothing by our knowing more or less about their author's life — even if Mr. Green is anywhere near the truth in his psychological reconstruction of Kenneth Grahame. Their virtues lie in the truth and beauty conveyed in picture after picture of the happier

aspects of childhood which they present so irresistibly — the quintessence of childhood captured and held for us by the pen of a rare genius. Why Grahame was able to recapture his Dream Days so vividly, whether the ability to do so meant some sort of inability to come to terms with the adult world of which he was outwardly a member, may be of interest but has no bearing on the books themselves.

On his way back to the Golden Age, Grahame produced as prologue a little volume of *Pagan Papers* (1894) which deserve remembering among minor works of the period, and a charming, but a trifle dated, story, "The Headswoman" (*Yellow Book,* October 1894; separately in 1898), too readily overlooked. *The Golden Age* and *Dream Days* stories and sketches were all written and published by the end of 1898, culminating in "The Reluctant Dragon," which is incidental to his cycle rather than a part of it.

In its kind "The Reluctant Dragon" is a masterpiece, and many readers consider it Grahame's finest work. Shorn of its prologue and epilogue, it is as timeless and undated as any fairy-tale and has had few followers and no rivals — while the *Golden Age* stories, besides the inevitable touch of period atmosphere which is now apparent in at least their superficial aspects, have been copied *ad nauseam* and have inspired directly or indirectly, or at least left their mark on, all subsequent children's literature in which children themselves play a part — from *The Treasure Seekers* to *Swallows and Amazons,* and beyond.

Having said his say, Kenneth Grahame laid down his pen after "The Reluctant Dragon," and took it up again only by chance. As was to be expected, he proved the best of story-tellers when his own small son began to demand such entertainment: a necessary convalescence at the sea-side which Grahame could not share turned the oral and ephemeral saga of Toad's adventures into a series of letters which formed the nucleus of *The Wind in the Willows* (1908) — generally recognized as one of the half-dozen greatest children's books in the language, having, like its peers, almost as strong an appeal to the adult as to the child.

The new book was the logical development from "The Reluctant Dragon," aided by the fresh and vivid strand of inspiration shot through it by the presence of the listening child — who doubtless, as seems bound to happen in such cases, added a good deal more than a mere incentive to the story: Kenneth's Dream Days of the past mingling with the Golden Age in which Alastair was still living.

But *The Wind in the Willows* needs no further praise, as its record of well over a hundred editions in sixty years has shown. It has usurped the fame of Grahame's earlier masterpieces, and its appeal, as I have tried

to show, is obviously far wider. Nevertheless many of Grahame's most devoted admirers turn back far more readily to *The Golden Age* and *Dream Days* than to *The Wind in the Willows*. Can we not at least claim that Swinburne's description of the earliest be stretched to contain all three, and agree that all are books "almost too praiseworthy for praise"?

ROGER LANCELYN GREEN

Expository

Why
do you have such material concepts
of Heaven?
Why?
Because
the Heaven
or the Heavens
which we have in mind
are material in their way
as the lower world
is material in its way.
The difference is
that the matter
which composes the higher worlds
is a much finer
and much more subtle matter
and also,
because of its higher frequency,
more solid and more substantial
and correspondingly of greater density
than the unstable coarsely grained matter
which loosely makes up our lower world.
It is a matter, moreover,
which is much more obedient and responsive
to thought,
so much more so,
that we may learn in time
to shape and order it directly
with the willed and clarified intention
of mind.

DANIEL SIMPKINS

Man and Nature

The 1969 Reith Lectures and Their Significance

Dr. Frank Fraser Darling, one of the best-known names in ecology, Vice-President and Director of Research of the Conservation Foundation in Washington, sounded a clarion call with his six B.B.C. Reith Lectures, given from 9 November to 14 December 1969. They were an eloquent, yet scientific warning to mankind on the theme of "Wilderness and Plenty." Wilderness does not mean derelict landscapes left by industrialization, but the habitats making up natural balanced eco-systems, with a flexible broad spectrum of wild plant and animal life.

Man, Dr. Darling said, is impoverishing his generous heritage from the planet, through increase of population and by man-created pollution. He traced the history of man's usage of the planet, from the first employment of fire, and agriculture, thus changing the primary ecological patterns, down to the technical and industrial developments that have produced barren hills, silted and poisoned rivers and lakes, plundered forests, mass damage to wild life through hunting massacres and pesticides, a polluted atmosphere, radioactive fall-out, and the dumping of vast industrial wastes. Dr. Darling's brief glance at what is happening in different countries leaves no room for easy optimism.

Prestige politics and technology, he declared, have conditioned us into the notion that we must not impede "progress" nor our "expanding economy," no matter at what cost ("The supersonic aircraft *must* be produced simply because it *can* be"), and will inevitably carry us to disaster unless we change the man-centred values that are our Judaic-Christian inheritance.

> Many scientists who have cast the God-idea aside still bow to the unknowable, the Divine Ground that the mystics of all religions and races acknowledge. Technology, on the other hand, is not impersonal; it is not of nature, but of man, and now that it is showing the power to direct man as a species, is becoming Technology with a capital "t": the new God, man's creation of an extension of himself to which he seems inclined to relinquish the power of free will which we have prized so much and accepted as being part of our difference, our apartness, from the animal world.

He condemned the so-called practical man who only thinks of the noble wilderness — the forests and other natural habitats — in terms of use to commerce. Yet the whole world of nature is in the service of man if he will but make fellowship with it, for it provides for his needs, removes the pollutants, regulates the vital atmosphere and regenerates waste products in the great wheel of life.

Dr. Darling described some of the valuable work of various conservation societies and national parks that have grown up in different countries out of the increasing recognition of this urgent need for an ecological approach, urgent if it is not to be too late. Conservation is neither sentimentality nor mere expediency. It is rather an ethic of responsibility, "to

be sought by spiritual and intellectual effort of reflection." He quoted from Aldo Leopold:

> We abuse land because we regard it as a commodity belonging to us. When we see land as a community to which we belong, we may begin to use it with love and respect.

The love and respect we give the land will find a response. Exploitation of it brings environmental degradation, with its psychological reactions on man himself. "If he lives with it as a husbandman calling it home, he will almost unconsciously produce" landscape and living places both pleasing and biologically productive.

These lectures have been warmly welcomed, as coming at a timely moment. James Wentworth Day also pleads for the ancient hardwood forests of Britain, lest we turn the country into "The Dust Bowl of Europe" (*Daily Telegraph Magazine*, 12 December 1966). There is currently great concern about the mysterious mass deaths of sea birds in the northern Irish Sea, of seals off Cornwall, and of water-fowl in St. James's Park, London. Many countries are tightening controls on DDT and other insecticides. Certain antibiotics in farm-animals' food will be banned in Britain, as well as certain additives to human food. Efforts are increasing in the U.S.A. to "ban the car" as being responsible for at least sixty per cent of national air pollution. And the U.S. student protest movement is beginning to make common cause with the conservationists in support of ecology.

The end of each century has always seen a crescendo of troubles, but, in many cases, these have been, so to say, the concomitants of transition. There are interesting parallels today with the eighteenth century — a turning away from a one-eyed reason, from dead orthodoxies, whether in religion, politics, science, economics, or any other field, and a "return to nature," a quest for a more personal religious experience, a demand for freedom.

One danger in the present student movement is the idea that the past is meaningless, and progress depends on ignoring it. We are beginning to realize that the living, spatial, biosphere must be understood in *all* its relationships, and, as Dr. Darling has said, technology, which, wrongly used, has caused so much harm, can also be the tool of rehabilitation. But we have yet to learn that, in time, we must synthesize past, present, and future as a whole also, with its cyclic actions and reactions, and learn from them.

Civilization is at a junction point, but the Reith lectures with their challenge and warning, and their encouragement, surely form one of the signposts to a further stage on the right-hand road.

L. MARR

New Books and Old

"Two Robert Brownings?"*

THIS BOOK not only tells Browning's story attractively and analyses his personality with distinction but, what is more immediately important, effectively dethrones Betty Miller. This misguided lady, now deceased, published in 1952 a book entitled *Robert Browning: A Portrait*. The book was a travesty, based on Freudian psychology, and distorted Browning's life and character, his poetry and his relations with his wife, but it was accepted by most of the critics, and my article in *English,* reprinted in my book *Amphibian,* was an almost solitary voice of protest. I feared that the twisted image of the poet would hold the field for at least a generation, but now Miss Maisie Ward, well known as the biographer of Chesterton, has written a book which puts Betty Miller firmly in her place and restores Browning to his pedestal as one of the pair of immortal lovers and poetically the rival of Tennyson.

This book is the second volume of the new biography, the first volume having been published last year, and well received. The complete work is called *Robert Browning and His World*; this volume, *Two Robert Brownings?* It covers the years from 1861, when Elizabeth died, to the year of his own death in 1889. The reference is to the fact that after his wife's death the poet seemed to devote as much of his attention to social activities as to poetry. Miss Ward's delving into the circumstances of Browning's life in these later years leads her to the conclusion that there was nothing incompatible between the Browning who wrote and the Browning who so assiduously dined out. Indeed, the dichotomy is not to be found only in Browning. He was a diner-out of some magnitude, but the Elizabethan dramatists were even greater drinkers-out, and remained supremely great poets. There were two Matthew Arnolds, one of them an Inspector of Schools. Eliot was a publisher. All poets cannot be poets all the time, like Shelley, and we cannot feel sure that his harmless dissipations were bad for his poetry. Few poets continue writing at their best level much after forty-five; Browning put heaps of genius, though not of the first order, into "Fifine," with its Prologue and Epilogue, "Amphibian," and "Householder," both worthy of his best period.

Miss Ward has much to say about the women who furnished so much companionship for the now popular poet, from Julia Wedgwood to Lady Ashburton. The friendship with Julia Wedgwood was (as least on his part) almost entirely intellectual, and Miss Ward goes fully into the valuable discussions between the two on the great poem of this time, *The Ring and the Book*. The relationship with the great lady who was the widow (and second wife) of Lord Ashburton, whose first wife had played such havoc in the lives of Jane and Thomas Carlyle, proceeded on more romantic terms, and Miss Ward is inclined to think it was the lady, not the poet, who proposed that he should venture on a second marriage. (A note promises a fuller investigation by the Rev. William Whitla.)

But there were many men friends, frequently poets, Rossetti and Swinburne among them, and Miss Ward

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**Robert Browning and His World. Vol. II: Two Robert Brownings? (1861–1889)*. By MAISIE WARD. (Cassel and Company Ltd., London. xiv+337 pp. Illustrated. 1969. 45*s*.)

writes well about them. And there were the two giants, Tennyson and Carlyle, both intimate friends of Browning, and both given full attention here. Carlyle in particular is studied with such completeness and originality that he almost steals the thunder from the subject of the biography.

An original feature of this biography is the amount of attention and interest devoted to Pen, the son of Robert and Elizabeth, born in 1849. Most readers find the young man a little tiresome, but Miss Ward is more sympathetic, and builds up an interesting picture of Pen and his relations with his father. Pen had been twelve when Elizabeth's death came, to leave her husband grieving but free to undo the harm which he thought had been done by her strange ways of bringing up the child. It is possible that had she lived and continued the process, with the modifications that would have suggested themselves to her wise mind, the result would have been good, not bad, and it is also possible that Browning's abrupt and ruthless termination of the process and change-over to normality caused a spiritual shock that may have permanently affected the unconscious mind, and even set up an unconscious sense of resentment. Something is necessary to account for the subsequent lack of quality in Elizabeth's son.

Browning entered on the business of the boy's education without delay, and Miss Ward gives a minute account of the gallant fight of the father to overcome the resistance of the son to all efforts for his good. Pen was indolent and irresponsible, but his father never ceased to love him or lost faith in his possibilities. Like Hartley Coleridge seventy years earlier — whose streak of inherited genius was greater as his peccadillos were more serious — he was thrown out of Oxford, and it is heartrending to think of the two middle-aged poet-fathers pleading with stony-hearted authority for remission of sentence. There is an Epilogue on Pen in which Miss Ward rounds off the sad story. It had begun with Browning, after his wife's death, writing to his sister, Sarianna, "Pen has been perfect to me," and closes with the last words he spoke — "My dear Boy, my dear Boy."

Miss Ward relies much on Henry James, who knew Browning well and studied him profoundly. James was so convinced of the truth of "the two Brownings" that in his stories he presented him as having two separate physical identities, and Miss Ward suggests that such "myth" or image, as conceived and presented by a great artist like James, is the only way of apprehending the complexity, the duality of Browning's mind and personality. Such myth must present a figure of heroic proportions. A great genius, not entirely poetic, and — till 1861 — a great man.

Aristotle insisted that the "hero" — or at least the "tragic hero" — and I do not pretend that there was anything tragic about Browning or his fate — must have a "flaw," even a fatal flaw. With Browning it was that having known the supreme experience of loving Elizabeth he failed to keep her "memory unperplexed." This was not fatal to him, but it made him a lesser man, and it flaws for us his image, the image otherwise so noble and lovely, offered by Miss Ward in her refreshing biography.

HENRY CHARLES DUFFIN

First-hand Knowledge of the Sema Nagas*

MR. J. H. HUTTON served as an officer of the I.C.S. in the Naga Hills for nearly twenty years, and during that time acquired an intimate and sympathetic understanding of the traditions, ways of life, attitudes and interrelationships of the various Naga peoples with whom as an administrator he was directly or indirectly concerned. His book on the Angami Nagas, first published in 1921, is a little classic of its kind; it was followed closely during the next few years by the study of the Sema Nagas under review, and by parallel studies of the Ao and Lbota peoples carried out with his co-operation by his colleague J. P. Mills. For readers who have little or no previous knowledge of the Nagas, it is perhaps unfortunate that *The Angami Nagas* was not re-issued first, as this book on the Semas deliberately omits any discussion of themes — some of them of profound general interest — which the author had already dealt with in his earlier book. This, however, is likely soon to be rectified.

In his preface to the present edition Mr. Hutton has made it clear that there has been no attempt to "bring the book up to date," and that it is in essence a historical record of Sema life as it was two generations ago. "If the second edition of this account of the Sema tribe helps them or any others to understand their present in the light of their past it will have amply fulfilled its purpose."

The book gives a careful descriptive account, illustrated by photographs and line drawings, of the general appearance, dress, and weapons of the Semas, their domestic life, their polity, laws, and customs, their religion, language, and folklore, in six long chapters. The first-hand knowledge recorded in these chapters, including events in which the author was personally involved, affecting named persons and villages on named dates, gives his work an authenticity of its own. His scrupulousness in drawing attention to the ambiguity or uncertainty of some of his material reinforces one's confidence in the trustworthiness of what he sets down as "fact" even when the facts in question seem most extraordinary to the conventionally educated mind. Some of the most bizarre of these relate to lycanthropy — the fairly common but dreaded faculty of entering into the body of an animal, usually a leopard, while the human body is asleep. Others relate to the *teghami* or jungle-spirits, and to the personal familiar spirit called *aghan*. Impressive instances of "second sight" are also on record.

The author's conclusions about the immediate and more remote origins and affinities of the Sema Nagas are suggestive in another field. Evidence is adduced to show that their probable location before arriving in the Naga Hills was the Khoirao tribal country in Manipur State, from which they have moved north and east to their present area, dividing in their thrust the "Naked Rengma" from his fellow-tribesman further west, and within the present century driving a wedge between two sections of Sangtams. "My general conclusion," he writes, "is that the Semas are a composite tribe containing a larger proportion of Mongolian and Bodo blood from the direction of the north and northwest than their Angami neighbours." Another factor, however, is that the marked dependence of Sema villages on a secular chief, and their "almost nomadic" way of life up till recent times, are characteristics strongly recalling Kaki-Chin mores and in marked contrast to the egalitarian polity, and attachment to a permanent site, found in most Naga tribes. There is much in this ethnographical material, in fact, to suggest how superficial, and

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**The Sema Nagas.* By J. H. HUTTON. (Oxford University Press, Indian Branch, Bombay. 467 pp. New Edition by direction of the Government of Nagaland, 1968. Rs. 40.00)

how subject to the accidents of history, the dividing lines drawn between men by our politics and our prejudices may be.

In still another aspect, one may perhaps hope that the understanding of the present "in the light of the past" which Mr. Hutton sees as the purpose of this new edition may lead to effective action, alike by Semas and their fellow Nagas, in areas of life which may fatefully affect the future. Again and again in the course of this study the author refers to the urgency of modifying the ancient practice of *jhuming* if permanent injury is not to be done to the land and to its ability to support its human and animal populations. It seems doubtful, fifty years later, whether the increased urgency of this policy is even now widely enough understood, or whether enough Nagas even now realize the serious results which are bound to follow from over-exploitation of their forest resources for short-term profit.

Another most relevant matter is raised by Mr. Hutton in a letter reprinted as Appendix IV in this volume. He refers to suggestions that had apparently been made that the *miighemi* ("orphan") system in Sema villages should be abolished, and comments:

> Such an abolition would have the effect of undermining the authority of the chief, seriously disturbing the whole tribe, and causing a vast increase of petty litigation ... Even if exception be taken to certain features of the system, there is much to be said for leaving it to die a natural death in course of time. Interference with long-established custom, however reasonable on the face of it, has unlooked-for consequences.

Mr. Hutton's particular examples may no longer be relevant, but his warning against the impositions, in the name of "progress," of methods of government, legal requirements, or superficial status symbols which are alien to the tradition and outlook of any people is one which our modern "welfare-statism" needs to take to heart. Those of us who have watched in bitter helplessness while some coarse-growing alien weed, carelessly imported, chokes out the delicate and lovely native plants of our forests to their lasting impoverishment dread the effects of our strident steam-roller modernity on the equally delicate treasures of human achievement in places such as Nagaland. Mr. Hutton's warning is not the voice of obscurantism; it is the voice of all who believe, with the poet Tagore, that the variety and individuality of every human culture counts for the enrichment of the whole.

MARJORIE SYKES

Gandhi the Writer (*The Image As It Grew*). By BHABANI BHATTACHARYA. (National Book Trust, New Delhi. 328 pp. 1969. Rs. 9.00)

Gandhiji did an immense amount of writing, mostly for his periodicals. With no pretensions to being a literary person, he yet produced great literature, judged by any standards. This was because of

> the care and thought he bestowed on whatever he wrote ... his insistence on right expression ... on the necessity of not using one word more than necessary, his appreciation of a good literary style,

in the words of Amrit Kaur. This book by a well-known Indian writer is a welcome and a distinctive contribution to Gandhian studies. It does, however, more than assess Gandhi as a writer. It is "composed essentially of Gandhiji's revelations of himself through one medium alone, the written word" — in other words, it deals with his spiritual growth and how "he chiselled himself" to near perfection. The book, in effect, is thus almost a full-length (non-political) biography, though not presented in strict chronological sequence. It is well documented, bears evidence of painstaking study, and is marked by sensitivity and devotion.

After a brief account of Gandhi's early years, the author recounts the early reading of Gandhi, who studied with earnestness and a sense of purpose whatever he read. How the writings of Tolstoy, Ruskin, and Thoreau influenced him is well brought out. The mutual relations between Gandhi and Tagore form the theme of two interesting and moving chapters. The contacts made by Gandhi with the master spirits of Europe and America, and his meeting with Romain Rolland in particular, are described in vivid detail. "The Hymns and Songs He Loved" is an interesting chapter, which includes Gandhi's translations of several of these, and incidentally reveals his literary craftsmanship. *Hind Swaraj* was written in 1908 and reprinted in 1938. The author refers to the special number brought out then by THE ARYAN PATH (September 1938), and quotes the opinions of some of the world's leading thinkers on the book. Gandhi's own Gujarati writing had profound influence on modern Gujarati writers; but his influence on other contemporary Indian regional literatures was no less marked. All this is well surveyed by the author, though Telugu literature is somehow omitted.

The penultimate chapter deals with Martin Luther King, and the final chapter contains a selection of tributes to Gandhi from all over the world.

The book ends with a chronology of Gandhi's life, "mainly cultural," References and Notes by chapters (which more than make up for a Bibliography), and an Index.

Gandhi was an effective and prolific letter-writer. The author explains in an Appendix why he was unable to deal with this important aspect of Gandhi's writing. The omission is much to be regretted.

A few slips have crept into the book: Gandhi tried to meet Swami Vivekananda in 1901, not in 1896 (p. 27). Masti Venkatesa Iyengar is not the author of *Jalagara* but Kuvempu, nor of *Chomana Dudi,* which is by K. S. Karanth (p. 231).

Though the wide latitude that the author has permitted himself in presenting his thesis has resulted in a certain amount of discursiveness, his devoted labours have given us a book of great interest and enduring value.

K. SAMPATHGIRI RAO

Within the Four Seas: The Dialogue of East and West. By JOSEPH NEEDHAM. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 228 pp. 1969. 40*s*.)

Joseph Needham is the present Master of Caius College, Cambridge, an eminent biochemist and embryologist working on the borderline of physiological chemistry and the morphological sciences. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society. He was influenced by the friendship of Chinese scientific colleagues, and embarked on the study of their language and culture. Dr. Needham led a mission of scientific and technological liaison which gave him four years of life in China, and since the Communist revolution he has revisited China thrice. This book comprises some among the significant essays he has written on China, but his massive study of China, *Science and Civilization in China,* is under publication in a number of volumes by the Cambridge University Press.

Only two quotations from this learned and wise book are enough to illustrate the wisdom of his perspective:

> We have now good reason to think that the problems of the world will never be solved so long as they are considered only from a European point of view. It is necessary to see Europe from outside, to see European history, and European failure no less than European achievement, through the eyes of that larger part of humanity, the peoples of Asia (and indeed also of Africa). ...
>
> Christians today are called, I believe, to re-think their entire position with regard to the other great civilizations and religions of the world. For social evolution does not stand

still; we are no longer living in Origen's time, no longer in the days of Thomas of Aquino, nor even of John Wesley — immeasurable advances have been made not only in knowledge of nature but also of other lands and other cultures of living brothers and sisters to us, unknown in the old time or totally misunderstood. The difficulty of regarding oneself as the repository of a timeless truth is that one easily fails to recognize it in the new forms which it comes to take: for the Holy Spirit makes all things new.

Dr. Joseph Needham is a scientist of renown, a historian of ancient cultures, and a humanist of the liberal tradition interested and moved by all things ancient and modern: a rare mind among the scholars of the East and the West. This book educates the reader in scholarly humility and wisdom.

N. A. NIKAM

The Involved Man: Action and Reflection in the Life of a Teacher. By KENNETH C. BARNES. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 246 pp. Revised and enlarged edition, 1969. 42*s*., i.e. £2.10)

In the sense of this book, involved does not mean "entangled in difficulties" but "implicated in the world." Inextricably so, Kenneth Barnes would claim. As he says, we either give ourselves, with all we have in us of love and knowledge and experience, to life's successive situations or we stand back and let it *all* go to blazes.

As one absorbs these thoughtful essays the personality and insight of the author emerge as the connecting link between them. He is a Quaker, an ex-headmaster and founder of a co-educational school who is at the opposite pole from those teachers for whom life only begins when working hours end. His thoughts on discipline in home and school, on punishment of children, and on forgiveness could only have been formed in an atmosphere of experimental response to the demands of situations, in particular those of a residential institution.

But the chapter subjects range wider and deeper than the field of education. Several essays are concerned to show the relevance of Jesus to the dilemmas, the evil and suffering, of our time. Whether we agree or not with the author's Biblical interpretations, there is no denying the force of his chapter entitled "The Menace of Moralism," one of the most cogent in the book. The essence of its message is that moralism is our worst enemy. When, as today, the nations think of one another as morally inferior, they create an almost insuperable barrier. Spontaneous loving responsiveness comes before any rules of law.

To some the book may seem too progressive, or too slanted to the Left, at least in part. It sees a corrupt economic and social system in which prosperity only increases industrial enmity and crime, a profit-making society resting on planned waste and the making of armaments, repugnant to students who are sick of the mess in which they find the world. But against a sombre background of human failings Kenneth Barnes offers a practical, exciting, experimental approach to life which, as he has found, does appeal to boys and girls. Among his pupils, he tells us, a teaching career is outstandingly the most popular — and what better compliment could there be to his influence on them?

G. W. WHITEMAN

Stotrasamuccaya: A Collection of Rare and Unpublished Stotras. Vol. II. Edited by K. PARAMESWARA AITHAL. (The Adyar Library and Research Centre, Madras. 309 pp. 1969)

Long after the lapse of the classical age in Sanskrit literature, even in the so-called dark age of decadence, San-

*

skrit continued to catch popular fancy as the language *par excellence* of religious prayer. Not to mention Vedic hymnology, the *genre* of *stotra* or devotional lyric in Sanskrit is as old as the epics and Purāṇas, some of them dating to a period earlier than the Christian era. In the hands of court-poets like Bāṇa and Mayūra they attained poetic heights of meretricious ornamentation. So much so that literary critics like Kuntaka felt chary of admitting Purāṇic prayers as poetry. But in the hands of able leaders of thought and religion like Śaṅkara, Rāmānuja, and Madhva the *stotras* once again attained a felicity of expression and depth of devotion having mass appeal. This new tradition attracted a number of devotional poets who used the *genre* to give expression to their religious devotion. A number of local deities in holy shrines receive praise from poets who mostly choose to remain anonymous.

It is indeed a vast body of devotional literature that we have in our several MSS. libraries; and the Adyar Library deserves the gratitude of scholars for arranging a publication of some of the interesting *stotras* from its collection.

The present collection contains 3 *stotras* addressed to Gaṇapati, 5 to Subrahmaṇya, 7 to Devī, and 25 to Śiva. Aruṇādri, Gangādharamakhin, Gaṇapatiśāstri, Cidambarasūri, Jñānaśiva, Tyāgarāja, Mahādeva, Venkaṭarāma, and Venkaṭasubbakavi are some of the poets who reveal their identity here. Most of them hail from the South, from Tamilnadu in particular.

The *stotras* have been very carefully edited from MSS. by Shri Parameswara Aithal and his "notes" at the end are also very useful. The literary value of the work as a whole is very uneven, most of the authors attempting only imitations of the ancient models. Yet it will be found most helpful for an appreciation of the spirit of Indian culture, deeply rooted in the masses, as preserved in the unbroken stream of *stotras* up to our own times.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

Tamil Heroic Poetry. By K. KAILASAPATHY. (Oxford at the Clarendon Press. 282 pp. 1968. 65*s*.)

The ancient age of Tamilnadu had its heroes and heroines, battlefields and princely halls, bards and prophets. The times were carefully etched in poetry by *pānar*, *kūttar*, *porunar*, *viraliyar*, *pulavar*, and *akavunar*. Yet, Tamil heroic poetry has been largely neglected by modern critics. For the first time, perhaps, the spirit of heroism that gleams in these poems dealing with love and war has been analysed in detail by Mr. Kailasapathy. Patrons, bards, heroes, heroines, cycles of seasons, Tamilian ethics and morals, and the philosophy of life enumerated by the ancient Tamil people are carefully discussed in various chapters.

There are some original comparisons with characters and incidents in Western literature. Mr. Kailasapathy is particularly illuminating when he deals with Celtic traditions. Again, the critic has used the Greek epics to advantage when detailing the functions of the bardic poet, his absorption in the genealogy of his hero, and the exploits immortalized in the verses of *Ettutokai* and *Pattupāttu*. He also finds a striking similarity in the catalogues strung by the bards of Greece and Tamilnadu. The tradition of the seven munificent chieftains belongs to this group. There are also catalogues of flowers and the names of Gods in Tamil heroic poetry.

The chapter on the technique of oral verse-making contains the keynote to Mr. Kailasapathy's argument, which seeks to find Tamil heroic poetry an honoured place in the world's heroic literature. He subscribes to the view that ancient Tamil poetry was first composed orally and recited in the halls of Tamil chieftains. This leads him to a detailed discussion of metre in Tamil, the repetition of set phrases and the

highly standardized nature of classical Tamil language. The stark heroism of the men and women of ancient Tamilnadu forms the basis of the last chapter. It is refreshing to note that Mr. Kailasapathy can also "beyond" pure academic research and enter into the spirit of Tamil heroic poetry. For he rightly concludes:

> Because these heroic poems were fashioned in the formative period of Tamil national consciousness — they are the mainsprings of pan-Tamilian thoughts — and in the age of "mighty" heroes whose lives have remained models in several important respects for subsequent kings and emperors, their memory persisted with great tenacity, as a symbol of a golden age. Perhaps the verse contained in the *Purapporul Venpamalai,* which, as has already been indicated, is later than the heroic poems, exemplifies this nostalgia.
>
> "The men of ancient race that appear foremost in the fight wielding their swords; who stand as, in the universal deluge, some mountain top rises firm amid the flood; — what wonder if their glory lives when all falsehoods have passed away."

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

The Mirror of the Sky: Songs of the Bāuls from Bengal. Translated from the original Bengali with Introduction and Notes by DEBEN BHATTACHARYA. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 120 pp. 1969. Illustrated. 45*s*.)

That the word "Bāul" derives from Sanskrit *vātul,* meaning mad, affected by wind, is interesting, for the ancient Greeks regarded inspiration (lit. "breath") as a higher form of madness, "the madness of those who are possessed by the Muses," says Plato.

The Bāuls of Bengal are a small group of poets and musicians, some famous, many anonymous, drawn from the village labouring classes, who hold certain beliefs but reject formal religion, and whose songs have two main purposes — to further their own enlightenment and to instruct disciples. A Bāul earns most of his living from his songs, singing from door to door to the accompaniment of drums, cymbals, or a lute. The oldest were composed during the eighteenth century but literary interest in them was aroused only in 1925 through the lectures given by Rabindranath Tagore at the universities of Calcutta and Oxford and through his pioneer work as a collector of what had not formerly been written down.

Now the noted musicologist Deben Bhattacharya has visited the villages of Bengal to tape-record a number of these songs and gives us a hundred-and-fifty of them, with notes on the poets and an outline of the historical background and the Bāul faith, in this beautiful book which has been specially prepared for the Indian Series of the Translation Collection of UNESCO.

Most of the Bāul songs are based on the enquiry into oneself and one's relationship to God, and into the meaning of life and death, all expressed in simple village language and with the use of village scenes as imagery. Many are Vaishnavite in tone and others show Islamic influence, the Bāul faith having attracted Bengali Muslims and even Sufi mystics.

Alas that space forbids quotation from these highly individualistic, sensitive lyrics which teach ancient truths through such diverse symbols as the lotus and — yes — the modern aeroplane!

JOAN N. BURNETT

Gipsy Wharf. (*Sojan Badiar Ghat*). By JASIM UDDIN. Translated from the Bengali by BARBARA PAINTER and YANN LOVELOCK with illustrations by HASHEM KAHN. (Unesco Collection of Representative Works, Pakistan Series. George

Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 196 pp. 1969. 48*s*., i.e. £2.40)

Born in 1903, Jasim Uddin is regarded by many of those most competent to judge as one of Pakistan's finest living poets. Since his long narrative poem, *Sojan Badiar Ghat* (which Mr. Lovelock renders as *Gipsy Wharf*), was first published in Bengali in 1933, it is certainly time that a translation was made available to English readers. This particular version, commissioned by UNESCO for the Pakistan Literature Series, is the product of a happy collaboration between Mrs. Barbara Painter, an American student of Bengali language and folklore who made the initial Anglicized draft, and the young English poet, Yann Lovelock, who was responsible not only for the final version, but also for the retention of the poetry and lyricism of the original, a quality that so often gets lost in the translation process. Mr. Lovelock informs us that, in making this version, he was quite prepared to sacrifice literal accuracy in order to produce a satisfying English poem with the feel of the original. As such, *Gipsy Wharf* can be warmly recommended.

As Barbara Painter points out in her introduction, the plot of this long poem can be compared with Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. The ill-starred lovers in the case are Sojan, son of a prominent Moslem farmer, and Dulali, daughter of the village Headman, a Hindu of the Namasudra caste; but instead of a feud between rival families the action centres upon the conflict between Moslem and Hindu communities, for which the unacceptable love-affair of Sojan and Dulali serves as a focal point of bitterness. Like Romeo and Juliet, the lovers die by taking poison, one after the other. At the time of writing *Gipsy Wharf* (when Bengal probably had less complicated problems than it does today), Jasim Uddin was deeply involved with the villages of East Bengal, so that this poem takes life from actual experience, though it is, of course, highly romanticized.

HOWARD SERGEANT

The World of Premchand: Selected Stories of Premchand. Translated by DAVID RUBIN. (UNESCO Asian Fiction Series. George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 215 pp. 1969. 35*s*., i.e. £1.75)

Under the auspices of UNESCO, the Hindi writer Premchand's novel, *The Gift of a Cow*, was presented to the English-speaking reader last year. It is now followed by a selection from his three hundred short stories which will delight all who enjoyed the novel by exhibiting in fragmentary fashion those same qualities of humour, realism, satire, and sympathy. Even these twenty-three brief items, picked and grouped under "The Village," "The Town," and "The World," display the author's remarkable suppleness in dancing lightly from one outlook to another. These arise not only from caste and social standing but from personal greed, roguery, or cowardice.

The hypocrite, as shown in several tales of holy men, becomes almost acceptable through the author's detached, good-humoured treatment of him. When the respected Pandit Moteram Shastri prepares, with a stomach filled to bursting, to observe a public protest fast, his temptation and fall to the lure of a bag of sweets are so gaily presented that the satire on "moral victory" becomes a highly comic affair. Premchand shows his other face in those poignant stories of worthy fellows and earnest young women doomed to suffering and neglect as despised untouchables. Here we may expect conditions to have dated; but the author's broad understanding of all types and classes, his calm matured irony and criticism, are no less evident than his probing insight into the mentality of peasant, zamindar or student.

Premchand does not consistently favour the underdog, who may be guilty

of cruel and jealous acts. Some ethical advice against pride and arrogance comes out in the tale of Jhingur and Buddhu; when the two farmers have wantonly destroyed each other's prosperity the humbled, penurious couple meet over a meagre meal and lie down together to sleep. In these seemingly simple little narratives one senses the pulse of India, and under the particularities of racial custom the pulse of all mankind.

SYLVA NORMAN

Theology and Meaning: A Critique of Metatheological Scepticism. By RAEBURNE SEELEY HEIMBECK. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 276 pp. 1969. 50*s*., i.e. £2.50)

Metatheology is a theology about statements made about God. Its technique is a particular use of logic in the examination of such statements. Generally, the latter seem to have had a bad time from the philosophers and — one had better use the word — metatheologians who have had a training in the technique; for generally they claim that the statements are nonsense: they are neither true nor false, they are not "cognitively significant," in other words, they are nothing.

These philosophic efforts are of course important, for if the claim could be substantiated that "G-statements," namely statements about God, are nonsense, that presumably would dispose of God — at least that is the impression given by the philosophers. Indeed, in addition to the results they claim come from their linguistic analyses, they go on to state that any talk about God indicates an inexcusable woolliness of mind, for the word supposes a synthesis of knowledge impossible in the fragmented knowledge of today. Each intellectual discipline has its own department and never shall it meet any other.

Dr. Heimbeck is an exponent of metatheology, but does not agree with his colleagues who dispose of God by the practice of the method. He is able, to use his own descriptive phrases, to adopt "their strategy," or take them on "on their own ground," and prove that God statements are "cognitively significant." One has the right therefore, presumably, to talk about God.

His book is a fine display of intellectual discipline. If the general reader can stay the course — and this one did so gratefully — he will have an insight into the methods used by the metatheologians, and have a respect for them. There is something breath-taking in the work of men who, as it were, take on God single-handed.

E. G. LEE

The People and Cities Conference, Coventry, 1968. (People and Cities Conference, Coventry Cathedral. 93 pp. 1969. 10*s*.)

In the twentieth century, for the first time in human history, the majority of mankind is being transferred from rural man to urban man. Urbanization is almost as old as human organization into society itself, but mass urbanization, pointing towards the "global city," is very much a modern phenomenon, and one both bristling with problems of organization and alive with many moral and ethical challenges. Many aspects of both were considered in a great, worldwide conference convened at Coventry Cathedral in 1968 (see THE ARYAN PATH, October 1968). The key speeches and documents arising from that conference have been fully published now, and constitute not so much a record of a remarkable occasion, but rather, and much more valuably, a permanent contribution to our global understanding of man's present and future life in cities. Religious leaders, sociologists, town planners, architects, social workers, philosophers and many others contributed to the debate. The religious con-

victions and philosophical stances represented included Christianity, Hinduism, Islam, Judaism, Marxism and Humanism. Europe, Africa, Asia, the Americas all gave voice to their metropolitan tensions and points of creativity; the Duke of Edinburgh's opening address reveals his own keen interest in the subject. Of particular interest to Asian readers is K. C. Sivaramakrishnan's portrait of "Calcutta," Harry Daniel on "Urban-Industrial Service in East Asia," Dr. Raymond Pannikar on "The People of God and the Cities of Man," and the study of Madras.

BRIAN G. COOPER

Culture and Creativity. By K. CHANDRASEKHARAN. (Macmillan and Company, Madras. 242 pp. 1969. Rs. 22.50)

This is a collection of eleven lectures delivered by Shri K. Chandrasekharan as Tagore Professor of Humanities in the Madras University during 1966-7. The lectures have been carefully "shaped," as is evident from voluminous details and numerous references, and were delivered with special reference to the various aspects of Rabindranath Tagore's life and his works. The lecturer has brought the equipment of his deep and wide learning and culture to bear on a critical appreciation of the poet and of his philosophy. The book is a very valuable addition to the existing works on the poet. The poet may be considered a spiritual descendant of Vālmīki, Vyāsa, Buddha, and Kālidāsa, with a fresh message of love and good will. His writings revolve round one Upaniṣadic doctrine: "Out of love, all cometh; to love all returneth; and by love alone all is sustained: because God is love." This also constitutes the secret of the survival of India's culture throughout the ages.

The poet's insight into the Indian ideals of life was very deep. His gospel was one of spiritual unity and divine immanence. To him, art was valuable as the gate of beauty through which one can enter the innermost shrine of the Infinite. He preaches the fulfilment of the soul in love, in renunciation, and in self-sacrifice. Like Swami Vivekananda, he yearned for "Man-making." To him, "nature was a fond mother, gladdening the eye of his soul with the bright blossoms of beauty and nourishing his spirit with the manna of sympathy and love." A study of the poet's life and works, therefore, is a multiphased undertaking, and as such has Shri Chandrasekharan carried it out.

K. E. PARTHASARATHY

Correspondence

Celebration and Humanization

London, 1 March 1970

REVOLUTION is discussed today throughout the world as never before; similarly, religion, for all the signs of its institutional decline in the West, on the world scale manifests resurgence and in many aspects revitalization. Aptly, the 1970 international Student Christian Movement conference at Swanwick in Britain took for its theme "God's Revolution Now," in an attempt to explore the relationship between revolution and religion, and especially Christianity. If we believe that the spiritual forces among mankind are the most decisive ones for changing humanity, then the relationship cannot be neglected. In

parts of the world, it is historically clear: the revolution of Indian nationalism and independence from Britain was enormously in the debt of the spirituality and religious wisdom of Mahatma Gandhi, while the continuing non-violent revolution for the landless of India, *Bhūdān,* primarily derives from the practical piety and personal inspiration of Vinoba Bhave. Yet, in many parts of the globe, the achievement of revolution or the yearning for it is violent in method and language: what can religion say of such movements and moods?

Christianity contains the dimension of hope which can sustain the yearning for revolution, whether violent or non-violent: religion calls for man to "celebrate the transcendent in the here and now," affirmed Geoffrey Ainger, an English Free Churchman whose actions for inter-racial harmony in London's Notting Hill slum districts have given heart and hope to many there. The transcendent was not to be defined only in terms of eternal life, but also in the categories of "the beyond in the midst." Transcendence included moral demand breaking in from God into the human situation, and a belief that under such moral demand "change is possible, there is something over and above our present condition, the present can be transformed, and such a possibility is also a certainty." From such an understanding of the "celebration of the transcendent," the man of religion would understand today's revolutionary turbulence, Ainger asserted. Such celebration resulted, in its turn, from "man's awareness that he is celebrated by God": the Deity celebrates man in that "he believes in us, trusts us and accepts us"; without such a relationship no proper communication between man and God would be possible. For the Christian to grasp this and develop a "religious revolutionary life-style," he must come to know a universal awareness of man, in terms of a "celebration of mankind." Such would involve saying "Yes!" to the substance of God; "No!" to his shadow. The Christian insight of "repentance" in this context would necessarily include "learning how to celebrate again."

A further dimension to the discussion was added by Theo Westow, a Roman Catholic historian and theologian, and exponent of the concepts of Teilhard de Chardin. He asserted that thinking about God could only be meaningful in the context of thinking about Man: "there is no relevant theology without a relevant and convincing anthropology." Westow insisted that men of religion had to have a proper historical and anthropological perspective, and understand the dynamic reality of the human community in process towards self-realization.

Rejecting any notion of environmental determinism, he argued for man as shaped by mankind: "we are not determined by our environment, as sociologists and psychologists are fond of saying: we are determined by our community, the community of mankind." The community of all mankind was more important than the individual: man did not create community so much as grow into it; "it is there before we start, and all we can do is to realize and to bring to perfection the fundamental community which already exists in each of us, and holds us in its grasp." Man's preoccupation with personal security, individual advancement, and selfish concerns was at war with his destiny within the community of mankind as a whole: the proper function of Christianity, indeed of all true religion, was to turn man away from individualistic concerns to the concerns of the whole human community, in terms of its fullest self-realization.

Individualism had been the disease of Western Man: "once man opts for individualism, there is no way of life for him beyond that which assumes that his fellow human being is a potential threat to his security and his survival"; Western Man had too often falsely defined community as "a collectivity of equally self-centred individuals," thus making community a threat rather than the promise of fulfilment. The phenomenon of Western individual-

ism had become essentially divisive, anti-social, and anti-communal: it needed to be replaced by community — awareness, under God, with the emphasis on man discovering his fullness in "the personalist community." Theo Westow argued that Christianity's contribution towards building such a community lay in its emphasis on knowledge being worked out in personal relationships. Christianity could not be identified with the institutional forms of ecclesiasticism: its purpose was to contribute towards the humanization of the human family. The Christian understanding of "revolution" was in terms of advancing such humanization, and necessitated a conversion of attitudes "so that we think, feel, and act primarily in terms of all mankind, as world-citizens."

BRIAN G. COOPER

Ends and Sayings

"... ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."

—SAMUEL BUTLER: *Hudibras*

In 1965 the death penalty for "capital" murder was experimentally abolished in Britain for five years. Now the Home Secretary, Mr. James Callaghan, has pushed forward the decision about abolishing it permanently or reverting to the administratively difficult 1957 Homicide Act. Despite polls implying that 80% of the electorate were for retention of the death penalty, and an active, emotionally-geared campaign for it, the House of Commons voted, on 16 December 1969, with a 158 majority, for the permanent abolition of capital punishment for murder. Two days later, the House of Lords also approved, by 46 votes. The *Guardian* leader (16 December 1969) expressed views similar to those of many public figures:

> Capital punishment is a unique moral issue. Britain ought not to shuffle back into the dwindling ranks of the hanging countries. Capital punishment, the taking of a life in cold blood, is a barbaric institution. It is final and irremediable. It is not a special deterrent to murder, as countries which abolished capital punishment some time ago have found. It contradicts the Christian belief in redemption. It is an Old Testament punishment practised by people who profess to believe that the New Testament matters more.

Mr. Louis Blom-Cooper (*The Observer,* 9 November 1969) emphasized the further need to provide "both the therapeutic conditions necessary to a modern penal system and the high degree of security [in prisons] to make the public feel safe." Mr. Callaghan, in his Commons speech, also announced a widespread Government-sponsored programme of research into causes and prevention of crime and violence. The Home Office report *Murder 1957 to 1968* (November 1969) and the report of a London University research team, led by Mr. Blom-Cooper (December 1969) both indicate the irrelevance of capital punishment to murder, and, from detailed analysis of evidence, draw conclusions of the relative stability of the murder-manslaughter rate and the relative constancy of the murder pattern. It is "mainly a personal or family crime, committed for emotional reasons." No increase in murder by "professional criminals" has occurred since 1965. Murder figures since the 1965 abolition, as Norman Shrapnel pointed out (*The Guardian,* 17 December 1969), in one whole year (205 during 1968; 172 during 1969 up to the time

of the debate), were less than the numbers that might expect to be killed on the roads in any weekend. The 1968 figures, analysed by the Home Office Statistical Division, reveal that, after omitting cases where the suspects committed suicide, and cases of insanity or diminished responsibility, only 26 cases would have previously qualified as "capital" murders. A further 14 were "in the course of theft," for which juries, before abolition, only gave 60% "capital" verdicts. Any increase was in cases motivated by rage, jealousy, and other passions, oblivious to reason and "deterrence" — the latter being the ostensible claim for retention of the death penalty.

Mr. Blom-Cooper sets the keynote for the future:

> The mature society learns that there is neither moral justification nor any social need to destroy the lives even of those who have killed and may kill again. Rather it finds moral strength in the positive aim of improving the quality of life for those who must temporarily, or even permanently, have their liberty curtailed. The humane way in which we treat our most wicked and intractable citizens, will indicate the worth of our society.

To this humane victory believers in reincarnation must add yet other causes for rejoicing. There is no proof that in destroying the body one annihilates the energies of thought and feeling that animated and were contained by it. With external contact cut off, imprisonment in these till the normal term of life loosens their cohesion would be a far worse hell than any "life imprisonment." Further, when that which contained and partially expressed the evil, yet allowed for possible modification and reformation through life's experience, when that is destroyed, these forces, like poison gas let loose, could become even more psychologically dangerous — and suicide epidemics also seem to support the proposition. Even for those who reject "reincarnation" the idea is worth consideration.

Alistair Cooke (*The Guardian,* 15 December 1969) prophesied that the child bearing the scars of vaccination against smallpox may perhaps soon become a rarity in the U.S.A. He cites the current *New England Journal of Medicine,* which has publicized the simmering doubts of epidemologists.

> ... about five hundred persons a year, especially children with skin diseases and hormone deficiencies, develop pathological reactions to vaccination. ... over two hundred people will die in the next thirty years from this cause. It is a small number but ... larger than the probable deaths from smallpox, if there were an "imported outbreak every three years for the rest of the century."

These are the views of two experts in the U.S. Public Health Service, and though some of their statements are sure to be disputed by medical conservatives, some States in the U.S.A. are already considering abolishing vaccination.

In Britain the Oral Contraceptive Information Centre has discovered from a survey of 800 men and women (in different regions and classes) that people are afraid of the contraceptive pill. Only a handful of local authorities, although permitted to do so, provide birth control clinics. A preliminary paper on the Royal College of General Practitioners' oral contraceptive study seems to imply a curious connection with smoking. Research is also being carried out as to whether the pill and cervical cancer are related. The Scowen Committee on the Safety of Drugs, following doctors' notifications of adverse reactions, put out a warning (12 December 1969) that women on oral contraceptives were at risk of thrombosis with pills containing too high a percentage of the hormone oestrogen. Out of a total of 30 brands on the market, only 9, a new type with a lower oestrogen content, were recommended, and even this did not mean they were completely safe.

A great deal of controversy has been aroused, but one thing stands out — that, generally speaking, we do not

know enough of what is happening with the pill. This point is made by Ann Shearer (*The Guardian,* 15 December 1969), who adds:

> Some scientists wonder why we are concentrating so hard on the thrombosis risk which affects only a tiny proportion of pill takers, when every single one of them is suffering cell changes which can only be for the worse.
>
> It is not yet known what all these changes mean, or if they are reversible. It is not known how many of them are caused by oestrogen and how many by progestogen. We don't know whether women of all varieties of weight should be taking the same doses, as they are now.
>
> But it seems that the cell changes must, over a period of years, alter a woman's disease patterns to make them more like a man's. There is some indication of premature aging at the menopause. More frighteningly, there is a suspicion of infertility in future generations.

What with these, and the present concern about the effects of smoking, the alarm about the profound psychological action and long-term effects of tranquillizers and such drugs, and other medical "second thoughts," it begins to look as if a seed of natural common sense is trying to sprout through the soil of ignorance and short-sightedness, though it will still have a hard task to force its growth through the rocks of vested interests.

One of the difficulties in understanding historical cycles is due to the failure to recognize that there are two trends active at the same time — just as there is, very broadly speaking, a dual and opposing rhythm of day and night — daytime in the East is night in the West and *vice versa,* and similarly with winter and summer in north and south.

So, historically, there are always two trends, one rising to spring-summer, the other experiencing autumn-winter, followed by a further curve that reverses the position.

We are, it is said, in an age of increasing "permissiveness" (freedom and its shadow of licence). That is, we may be said to be rising towards the spring-summer of this trend. But, at the same time, we are reaping the fruits (often bitter) of "order" that has become repression in its autumn period, declining to winter. Hence we find the puzzling contradictions in the world. Amnesty International, whose aim is the protection and liberation of "prisoners of conscience" has published a "Black List" of eleven countries indicted for persecution and repression of trade unions, simply for "upholding the right to freedom of association" in these countries. They comprise Spain, Russia (where unions are simply propaganda machines), Greece, Portugal, Mexico (government-controlled), Argentina, Brazil, Indonesia (now some moderate union activity), Nepal, Pakistan, and South Africa, while union activity in some of the African states is said to be hazardous.

The remedy cannot depend on either trend, "liberty" or "order," by itself. It will come when the reconciliation between the pairs of opposites is found and applied individually and collectively.

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Edited by Sophia Wadia at Theosophy Hall, 40 New Marine Lines, Bombay 20 (BR). Printed and published by M. S. Srinivasa Murthy at W. Q. Judge Press, 1 B. P. Wadia Road, Bangalore 4.
Simultaneously published by K. R. Achutha Rao at Theosophy Hall,
40 New Marine Lines, Bombay 20 (BR)